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D I V I N E
Contentment:

O R

A M E D I C I N E
for a Discontented Man:

A N D

A Confession of F A I T H: And other
P O E M S upon several SUBJECTS.

By E D W A R D M A N L O V E
of *Ashborne* in the County of Derby
E S Q U I E R.

L O N D O N

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TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE

LAND OFFICE

AND

THE

REVENUE DEPARTMENT

OF THE



To the
R E A D E R.

REad, and peruse, this Poem to prevent,
The prejudice, that comes by Discontent,
which is a Sin not only Capitall,
But Catholick, and Epidemicall,
Both to, and fro, man's toss'd, with discontent,
Filld with disquiet, and distemperment.
He's full of murmuring, nothing doth him please,
His restless spirit's, like the rageing Seas,
Alwaies tempestuous, full of rage and heat,
Often perplexed, with amazements great.
His troubled heart, is like a little Hell,
Wher's discontent; the Diuel loves to dwell.
Then strive O man, against this mortal sin;
Prize contentation; Peace is found therein.
Peruse this Poem; drest in mean attire,
Let true Contentment, be thy hearts desire.

EDW. MANLOVE.

READE R.

[illegible]

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A
M E D I C I N E
for a Discontented
M A N.

By *Edward Manlove* of *Ashborn* in the
County of *Derby* Esquier.

C Aft off distrustful , and distracting care,
The love of Riches; brings a sudden snare.
If with thy Wealth , thou do dishonour God,
Twill surely hasten, his Correcting Rod,
Wouldst thou be Rich ? *Paul* for thy pattern take;
Learn thou Contentment , in a low estate,
Content's great gain , unto a godly soul,
Run fast, make hast, to get this Glorious Goale,
Engrave this lesson on thy humble heart,
Lay out thy self , and labour for this Art.

The way to get it ; may be best discern'd ,
 By Gods good word, this lesson , there is learnd.
 Then read, and hear , the Gospel full of Grace ,
 In this transparent glass, behold Gods face.
 When read, and heard, remember this thing more,
 Safe in thy heart , this sacred treasure store.
 This truth's a treasure, all men cannot get ;
 Then lay it up, in thy cheif Cabinet.
 And prize it high, preserve it for thy need,
 • To curb thy sin, for thou art *Adam's* seed.
 And many Lusts, from thy corrupted heart ,
 Wage dayly warre, against thy better part.
 Then stoutly strive, the mastership to win,
 Not by thy strength, thou art a sink of sin.
 By prayers, and tears, seek thou for help to him,
 That can both help, and pardon all thy sin.
 O murmur not ; but meekly walk with God ,
 Make bare thy back ; if he lift up the Rod.
 And be content ; to (his) submit thy will :
 For he can sweeten, every bitter Pill.
 If thy condition, bitter seem, to thee ,
 Yet be content ; it comes by Gods decree ;
 Who knowes thy state ; and eke this precept gave,
 Content your selves, with such things as ye have.
 Thou must obey Gods word, it is his will ;
 At his command, the rageing Sea stood still.
 He is thy King ; a Loyal Subject be ,
 Submit unto, his Royal Majestie.
 If thou be poor, and pinch'd with Povertie ,
 Thy God is rich, and can provide for thee.

Hast

Hast thou no moneys, goods, nor earthly soyle ?
 God can sustein thee, with a Cruce of Oyle.
 Hast no Estate, thy Children may possess ?
 God is a Father to the fatherless
 Hast nothing left, for thy beloved Wife ?
 Leave her to God, he can preserve her life.
 Art thou in pain ? thy God can give thee ease,
 And in thy sickness, make thy sickness cease.
 Art thou in Prison ? God can thee release,
 Art spoyl'd with Warre ? thy God can send thee
 But for the present, learn to be content (peace.
 Repine at nothing, Providence hath sent,
 Art thou plac'd in, a high, or lower Sphere ?
 It is God's Providence, that plac'd thee there.
 If thou be placed, in the lowest Orb,
 Submit with Patience, to the living Lord,
 God sees it good, thou shouldst be placed there,
 Else he would place thee, in a higher Sphere.
 The highest Orb, is not the safest state,
 Low shrubs are quiet, when high Cedars shake.
 Are many Rich, and no Affliction feel ?
 And thou but poor, observe the inner wheel.
Ezekiel minds thee, of more wheels then one,
 The inner wheel, turns all, or else turns none.
 Gods providence, the inner wheel and best,
 Doth strongly move, and turneth all the rest.
 It is the Helme, that turns about the Ship,
 The Vniuerse, is overrul'd by it.
 And yet its compass, it doth not exceed,
 But doth concurr, to perfect what's decree'd,

Let

Let thou, and I, this lesson learn from hence;
 Strive not at all, against God's providence.
 But be contented, with thy present lott,
 The wheel may turn, although thou knowst it not.
 Let God choose for thee, be not over nice,
 Lest (*Adam* like) thou make an evil choice.
 He had great choice, excepted was one tree,
 He ate of that, was curst, and sower we.
Lott made his choice, he had his hearts desire,
 He *Sodome* chose, which soon was burnt with fire.
 Remember *Rachel*, blessed *Jacobs* wife,
 Her choice was Children, one cost her, her life.
 Take what God gives, let that give thee content,
 God can supply thee, when thy store is spent,
 If God give more, beware of wilful wast,
 If God give less, praise God for what thou hast.
 By providence, mans life, preserved is,
 More then by Wealth, which is the worldlings blis.
 The quiet mind, in the contented man,
 Yeeldeth more comfort, then his Riches can.
 It makes him happy, chearful, yea (content)
 Makes Poor men Rich, when all their Treasures
 But discontent disturbs, turns peace, to strife, (spend)
 It doth eate up, the comfort of mans life,
 This inbred thief, doth rob us, of no less,
 Then all the Riches, that we do possess.
 This bitter Dram, imbitters all the cup,
 This sowre sop, all sweetness drinketh up.
 This fretting moth; doth fret the purest part,
 This eating Canker; eats the very heart,

Wouldst

Wouldst thou have comfort ? banish discontent,
 For it doth cloud, thy comforts eminent,
 But true content, doth all to comfort turn,
 This Oyle keeps in the Lamp, and makes it burn.
 Then pump thy heart, draw out all discontent,
 Stop up the leak, the danger to prevent.
 For troubled waters, if they do get in
 May drown thy ship, and sink thy soul in sin,
 'Tis discontent, the better to avoid,
 Be humble (man) and eke beware of Pride,
 With that condition, God hath plac'd thee in,
 Be thou content ; for discontent is sin.
 Keep to thy calling, think it not too low,
 Tax not God's wisdom, he hath made it so.
 Art thou a Tradesman ? follow then thy Trade,
 Old *Adam* (he) despised not a spade.
 Our father *Jacob*, kept his fathers sheep,
 Where God hath plac'd thee, there thou ought'st to
 But now a daies, this discontent, and pride, (keep
 Makes many a man, his calling lay aside,
 It is too low, or he too high for it,
 This Pride makes him, his lawfull calling quit,
 And strange Cameraes do possess his brain,
 He seeks for something in a higher strain.
 The Cöbler then ; the Pulpit needs must climbe,
 His words are lofty, and his thoughts sublime,
 The Spirit moves him, how can he mistake ?
 His words are sliched well, and well they take,
 He is improv'd, and you shall hear anon,
 He's Pastor of, some Congregation,

His

His purblind brethren, love to hear him teach,
 And this proud Patcher, he presumes to Preach.
 And when he doth, this new found way forsake,
 'Tis doubt he will, begin to Rant, or Quake,
 Alas he's gone, so far beyond his Last,
 He's like to fall, by running over fast.
 Pride puff'd him up, the Cobler climbing high,
 Ape like, hath shewd his great'st deformity
 Alas poor man ! tis time that all lament,
 Tis much adoe for man to be content.
 If he be poor ; then envious he will be,
 If Rich, puff'd up with his Prosperity,
 With *Jacobs* Talent, learn to be content.
 Praise God that hath, thee, food, and raiment, sent
 If thou be Rich, and yet dost covet more,
 It better is, to be content and poor.
 Or if thy Riches, fill with worldly care,
 Thy empty heart, thy riches are a snare,
 Or if thy riches, cause thy discontent,
 Thy riches are, an empty Complement.
 But art thou rich ; and godly, and content ?
 Thy riches are, a gracious suppliment.
 If thou imploy them, for Gods glory then,
 God will thee bless ; thou wilt have praise of men,
 Pray not for Riches, nor for Poverty,
 But food convenient, that is best for thee,
 A mean estate ; may yeild as much content,
 As Riches great, or places eminent.
 Sorrow sometimes, far better is then joy,
 A low estate, far better then a high,

What greater Honour, canst thou do to God,
 Then with submission, humbly kiss his Rod ?
 Then be content, in want learn to abound,
 This sweet condition, is with comfort crown'd.
 Contentment here, the first fruit of Heaven is,
 But true content, is in eternal bliss.
 But discontent, doth discompose the heart,
 Doth gaul the spirit, vexeth every part.
 It is a Gangrein, and a fettring sore,
 It turns both faith, and patience forth adore,
 It is a breed bate, making jars, and fractions,
 It fumes, it frets, it stirreth up, distractions.
 It hurts the body, it, disjoynts the soul,
 It, makes ill, worse, it is a Kindle coal.
 It makes repining, when we should rejoyce,
 It, alwaies wants, it's full of avarice.
 It, is a passion, that doth often robb,
 Man of his reason ; makes him slight his God,
 But true contentment, in the inner part,
 Workes trouble out, of every troubled heart ;
 As Physick doth, Diseases purge away,
 So doth contentment, greatest gains alay.
 It doth refresh, and chear, the fainting heart,
 Of every one, that gains this godly Art.
 It makes the Lame, to leap, the Sad, to Sing ;
 Divine Contentment, doth sweet solace bring.
 There is great Virtue, in Divine Content,
 This Golden Shield, beats back discouragement,
 This gallant ship, the heart from sincking saves,
 And makes it Sail above the raging Waves.

This

This true Content, doth set mans heart in tune,
 By fervent Prayer, his God to importune.
 It brings the heart, into a holy frame,
 For God accepts, no Sacrifice that's lame.
 Content breeds courage, in a godly Saint,
 He beares his burden, when the wicked faint,
 If God command him, he takes up his Cross,
 And by Contentment ; he, makes gain of loss,
 Impatience, and discontent, are Twins
 But true Content, doth banish these two sins.
 But discontent, much murmuring doth produce,
 To let in sin, it, is the very sluice.
 This murmuring sin, the Devils Musick is,
 He likes no Tune, so well, as he likes this.
 This Discontent, a restless Spirit is,
 That haunts so many, and so few doth miss,
 It makes a man, means indirect to use,
 To get such things, as Nature bids him choose.
 Contentment doth, temptations strong prevent,
 Though th' World, and flesh, and Devil all do tempt
 But discontent, made *Iob's* wife foolish be
 Unto her Husband say, *Curse God and die;*
 This discontent, a man an Atheist makes,
 He turns Apostate, and his God forsakes.
 He thinks that God, of man doth take no care,
 He's not contented, with his Bill of Fare.
 He nothing wants, and yet is discontent,
 He hath enough ; and yet is indigent,
 Out of the Blossome, of this discontent,
 Growes bitter Fruit, an evil consequent,

But with content ; a little, is enough,
 This Anchor staies, the Ship ; when storms are rough
 This turns the bitter water, into Wine,
 And makes it tast, the Nectar, from the Vine.
 This Crosses great, to Comforts great, doth turn,
 And makes him merry, that before did mourn.
 It makes his heavy burden, seem but light,
 He hopes for Glory of a greater weight,
 If this be then, the fruit of contentation,
 O labour man, to get this consolation.
 This Honey Comb, drops sweetness every where,
 This comfort lasts, because content is there,
 But discontent, a sowre Leaven is,
 Our greatest comforts, are Eclipt by this ;
 It lessens mercy, trebbles every Cross,
 Turns sweet to sowre, the purest Gold to dross.
 But true contentment, waits on Providence,
 And takes God's dealings, in a better sence.
 If God send sickness, Pain, or Poverty,
 All's for the best, if thou contented be.
 Doth God Refine thee, in a Furnace hot,
 To purge away thy dross, why should he not ?
 Thou art his Gold, he makes thee sparkle more,
 Thou art made purer, then thou wast before,
 He in his Wisdome, makes thy body smart,
 To bring thee to, a better frame of heart.
 Shouldst thou be Rich, be sure that Christ be thine
 Of Grace and Wisdome, he's the golden Mine,
 He is a Pearle, a sparkling Diamond,
 His worth, all worldly Treasure, goes beyond.

Sell

Sell all thou hast, to get this pretious prize,
 And buy the Feild, wherein this Treasure lies.
 In Christ both Fulness and true Riches is,
 By this enriching Pearl, comes glorious Bliss.
 Induring Riches, in this Treasury,
 Are locked up, from all Eternity.
 If worldly Wealth be wanting, live by Faith
 He that hath Christ; the greatest Treasure hath.
 This, richly decks, the Soul; with true content,
 These are the Riches, that are permanent.
 If thou be rich and yet thy soul be poor,
 What art thou better for thy worldly store?
 But if thy Soul bespangled be with Grace
 Thou art prepared, for a better place,
 The high Plantation, Heavens Paradise,
 The glorious Heaven of Eternal Joyes.
 There are true Riches, there's true consolation,
 There is full freedome, from all Reprobation,
 All other things, are like the Butterfly,
 Whose Wings are painted, very curiously,
 Yet touch them, they thy fingers do defile,
 All Earthly things, are apt thy soul to soyle.
 They do corrupt, they cannot long endure,
 Fix not thy heart on things that are impure.
 But be content, let God thy portion be,
 He hath a godly heritage for thee.
 The world is empty, only full of sin,
 In God is fulness, make address to him,
 He can give Riches, he can make thee poor,
Job lost much wealth, yet God did give him more.

Then

Then do not kick , against the Lords decree.
 He knowes thy state , and knowes what's best for
 Submit to God, imbrace his blessed Son , (thee
 Pray as he taught, (O Lord) thy will be done.
 God is well pleased, with his Children, when
 They like that portion, he allots to them,
 He hath his end, in that they do submit ,
 To Providence, and Acquies in it.
 Then be content, to Satan do despight ,
 In discontent the Devil doth delight.
 All evil passions , labour to prevent ,
 Displease the Divil, learn to be content.
 By discontent, the Devil's gratifi'd ,
 And by this sin, thy Soul may be destroy'd,
 Take heed of discord , tis the Devils joy,
 Fly discontent, it brings much misery.
 Subdue thy self, strive for this Victory ,
 Keep down thy flesh, it is an enemy.
 Art thou reproached , or in Prison cast ?
 Bear it with patience .till the storm be past,
 God can repair thee, and release thee thence,
 But he is pleas'd, to prove thy Patience.
 He knowes what's in thee, but this exercile,
 Will make thee learn, his mercy more to prize,
Job was corrected with a sharper rod,
 Yet under sufferings, he did Worship God.
 He lost both Flocks and Heards, and Children dear,
 Yet in all this, he did God's Justice clear,
 He was Divested, of a great Estate ,
 The Lord thar gave, the Lord away did take.

His body suffered , in a high degree ;
 From Biles and Bitches. there was no place free ,
 Then he a Potsheard, took himselfe to scrape,
 And humbly he, down in the ashes sate.
 O here behold ; the fruit of true content ;
Iob suffered much, and yet was Patient.
 He got much Gain, by this correcting Rod ,
 All works for good, to them that love their God.
 God in his Wisdome ; maketh many times
 Our Maladies, to be our Medicines.
 Art thou then poor ? are Earthly comforts gone ?
 God can make Physick, of Affliction.
 Unto the Righteous ; godly, and upright,
 In greatest darkness, there ariseth light ;
 Afflictions great, may prove an excellent
Catholicon. against thy discontent.
 And also teach thee , much Humility ,
 For much proud flesh, within thy heart doth lie.
 But sharp corrections, are Gods Corrowlives ,
 To eat it out ; proud flesh is apt to rise.
 Yea Gall and Wormwood, God doth oft provide,
 To purge his Children, from the sin of Pride.
 By Gods Chastisements, man is often brought,
 To true Repentance, which thereby is taught.
 Repentance, is the pretious fruit that growes,
 Upon the Cross, this Thorne doth beare a Rose.
 Afflictions do Gods children truly trie,
 They are the touchstone of sincerity.
 They make them zealous. when they pray to God.
 They are most fervent , when they feel the Rod.

Jonah, securely, in the ship did sleep,
 But *Jonah* prayd, in danger, in the deep,
 Affliction lifts the soul of sinful man,
 It tries his Faith, 'tis Gods refining Fan.
 Faith propt with Patience, bears the greatest weight
 This far shines brightest, in the darkest night.
 'Tis God that doth our Graces often trie,
 Submit to him, much comfort comes thereby.
 Do not withstand Gods way, which works out sin;
 Thy heart's impure, much dross is found therein.
 By Gods chastisements, man receives no loss,
 This fiery furnace, purgeth out the dross,
 Tho *Shadrach*, *Mefach*, and *Abednego*
 Were in the Furnace hot; they felt no woe.
 They were fast bound, and cast into the fire,
 It burnt their bonds, it burnt not their attire.
 So doth the fire of our Afflictions trie,
 And burns the bonds of our iniquity.
 We are Gods people, and his husbandry,
 Within our hearts, the seeds of sin do lye,
 He Ploughs them up, destroyes the wicked weed,
 And in our hearts, he sowes a holy seed.
 He kills the Tares, he Harrowes every part,
 Afflictions help, to make a holy heart.
 True Faith put forth, most pure and noble acts,
 In times of tryal, faith beats fearing back.
 The Torch that's beaten, gives the greater light,
 Faith in affliction, shineth far more bright.
 The Bay, and Cipress, flourish in the shade,
 But in the Sun, these fragrant flowers fade,

The shade of sorrow, more improves thy Grace,
 Then shining solace, in a pleasant Place.
 Then murmur not, submit to God most high,
 Accept that well, which makes thee fructifie.
 By discontent, our Prayers we do confute,
 We pray (thy will be don,) this is our suite.
 And yet we murmur in Adversity,
 Which shewes our Prayers, are in Hipocrysy.
 Hast thou more sorrow, then some others have,
 Then seek to God, and his assistance crave.
 He can support thee in thy sorrowes all,
 And set thee free, from all thy Bonds and thrall.
 The Prophet *Daniel*, was by wicked men,
 Accus'd and cast, into the Lyons Den.
 Yet was preserv'd by Gods Almighty power,
 The hungry Lions, did not him devoure.
 But his accusers, found them violent,
 Their bones they brake, God sav'd the innocent.
 Great sufferings are, the way to glory great,
 God's blessed Son, did blood and water sweat.
 He suffered death, and yet was free from sin,
 He payd thy debt, wilt thou do nought for him?
 O be content, do not thy case condole,
 Afflictions help, to cure a sin sick soule.
 But male content, of grief, and anger both,
 A mixture hath, and raiseth stormy wroth.
 Within thy soul this spirit restless is,
 Tis never quiet, something is amiss.
 The mans not sick, and yet he's never well,
 Aske what he ailes; alas he cannot tell.

What is the matter? his great discontent,
 Hath discompos'd his heart, and made a rent.
 There is no state can please his wavering mind,
 In no condition, he can comfort find.
 He runs the round, he ends where he begun,
 Moves to and fro, dislikes both shade and sun.
 Faith looks beyond, the help of earthly things,
 And feeds upon, both hope, and promisings
 Faith will trust God, where him it cannot trace,
 And will adventure of his word, and grace.
 But discontent, no reason will obey,
 The rules of faith, it wholly casts away.
 Great sinfulness, is found in discontent,
 Both in the causes, and the consequent.
 Pride, Envy, Avarice, and Unbeleif,
 Of discontent, these are the causes chief.
 Pride makes a man, too highly to esteem,
 His own deserts, and others meanly deem.
 His own condition, he conceives too low,
 And so blames God, because he made it so.
 And this proud man, presumes to tax the Lord,
 Because he plac'd him in no higher Orb.
 So Envy is, a very divellish sin,
 Adam was holy, Satan envyed him.
 The sacrifice of Abel, was accepted,
 Cain envyed him, because (his) was rejected
 And Avarice, doth cause great discontent,
 Tis ever craving, alwaies indigent.
 For Covetousness, contentedness, doth thwart,
 They cannot both, live in a holy heart.

Distrust's an evil, greater then distress,
 'Tis inconsistent with contentedness.
 And discontent, it is a dayly grief,
 It is the Eccho, of mans unbeleif.
 And this distemper, causeth such discord,
 That man with gladness, cannot serve the Lord;
 For discontent doth alwaies live in want,
 Unthankfulness is its concomitant.
 This discontent, made *Ahab*, *Naboth* stone,
 That *Naboths* Vineyard, might be come his own,
 And *Abfolom* it caus'd to seek a Crown,
 To raise himself, and pull his Father down.
 This discontent doth dayly stir up strife,
 It takes away the comfort of mans life.
 If man hath much, and yet do thirst for more,
 He's discontent, this makes the Rich man poor.
 We nought deserve, and yet we much desire
 If God deny us, we are full of ire.
 When *Jonahs* Guard, (that withering vanity)
 Was smitten, *Jonah* in a Pet would die.
 All live in want, that live in discontent,
 Rich men are rob'd, by this distemperment.
 Through discontent, some murmur, some do mourn
 Which maketh God, their mercies to adjourn.
 Wouldst thou have mercy, seek to God and pray;
 This murmuring doth God's mercy much delay.
 When children struggle, they are beaten worse,
 Our sinful passions, cause a heavy curse.
 The Israelites, by murmuring discontent,
 Procur'd from God, a heavy punishment,

They

They were rewarded, for their peevishness,
 They wandred long, within the wilderness.
 Then strive (O man) against thy discontent,
 This evil spirit labour to prevent.
 The world is such, that men the more they have,
 Are less content, which makes them more to crave
 Doth Wealth increase ? the worldly mans desire
 Increaseth more ; this Oyle inflames the fire.
 The heart of man triangular is found,
 The world is very Circular and Round.
 There is nothing, man's soul can satisfie,
 But God, the Lord, the Holy Trinity.
 Then cover not much wealth, strive for content
 Life is a vapour, and is quickly spent.
 Sometimes the Sun goes down, before noon day,
 Before old age, grim death, takes life away.
 Sometimes the Sun of life, sets presently,
 Death doth approach. the dawning Infancy.
 Sometimes it is Eclipsed in the Womb,
 The mothers belly doth the babe intombe.
 Man's here to day, to morrow he is gone,
 Our winged Time, goes very swiftly on,
 Life is uncertain, long it cannot last,
 It is a wheel, that's running ever fast,
 Man's life it is, compared to a day,
 Or to a Post, that rideth fast away.
 Our life is short, long here we cannot stay,
 And little will, our charges here defray.
 It is not far, unto our journeys end,
 And after death, we need no more to spend.

If Farmers should, great summes of money spend,
 In Building; when their terme is neer an end,
 They would be deemed very indiscreet,
 For building where, they have no better right.
 So he that doth, immoderately give,
 His mind to Wealth; and hath short time to live.
 May be accounted, for a carnal man,
 That slights his soul, he is no Christian.
 Then learn content, for wealth cannot delay,
 The Pangs of Death, which take thy life away.
 Sad thoughts and troubles, often here attend,
 A great Estate, and terrour in the end.
 'Tis not abundance, that a man enjoys,
 That is the thing, wherein contentment lies,
 An evil spirit, haunts the Worldlings Chest,
 So that the Miser, cannot be at rest,
 His heaps of Gold, he strives to hide them sure,
 He takes great care, his Riches to secure.
 His worldly wealth, he labours to increase,
 His anxious thoughts, destroy his inward peace.
 The World affordeth many pleasant things,
 This Bee, gives Honey, but it often stings.
 Within the Sunshine, is the pleasant seat,
 Yet it is troubled, with the scorching heat,
 Most men they do, delight in dainty fare,
 The Rich mans table, often is his snare,
 He quickly may, ingulf himself too deep,
 And drowned be, within these waters sweet.
 'Tis difficult, to know how to abound,
 Good Salve ill us'd, may make a greater wound.

And so many times, mans great Prosperity,
 Doth make him Proud, and cause security.
 And yet abundance, few mens hearts doth fill,
 But many souls this Plurify doth kill.
 Then with a little learn to be content,
 Strive to be good, not to be eminent.
 When *Jacob*, for his Pillow had a stone,
 And when his body, lay the earth upon,
 He sweetly slept, and did enjoy his rest,
 For Food and Rayment, *Jacob* made request.
 Doth wealth increase? it doth increase thy cares,
 And may thee draw, into a world of snares,
 Small Pinaces, ride safe upon the Sea,
 When storms, and winds cast gallant Ships away.
 Our Father *Adam* fell in Paradise,
Job from the Dunghil, had a glorious rise.
 Strong *Sampson* slept, securely on the lap,
 O *Dalilah*, that sought his life to trap.
 The fawning world, is worse then when it frownes,
 The greatest cares, attend the Richest Crownes.
 When men grow rich, their hearts begin to swell,
 The sin of Pride, in rich mens hearts doth dwell.
 Observe how mad men, when the Moon declines
 Are quieter; then, when it's in the prime.
 When mens Estates, are low, and in the Waine,
 They humble are, and less mind worldly gain.
 Then be contented, with thy present lott,
 If thou have less then others, envy not.
 A great Estate, great envy to it drawes,
 Men hate Superiours, that's the greatest cause.

When

When *David* kept, his Father *Iesse's* sheep ;
 None did him envy, none his life did seek ,
 But when he did, enjoy a Kingly Crown,
 Then envy fought, to bring his Honour down,
 An envious man ; he hath an evil Eye,
 He hates to see, good mens Prosperity.
 Then be content, seek not too high to mount !
 The more thou hast ; the greater's thy account,
 Trade for Gods Glory, hast thou less or more,
 Lay out thy money , on this publick score,
 Cast in thy Mite, into this Treasury,
 Improve thy Talent, for Eternity.
 Art thou exalted, to a high degree ?
 Then in good Works, (man) labour Rich to be,
 Remember that, thou art a Steward here ,
 Prepare thy self, and make thy reckoning cleare,
 Against thy Lord, and Master, call for it ,
 Thou must account, for this thy Stewardship.
 And when this great account, is clearely past ,
 Then thou art free, this reckoning is thy last.
 Then what if thou , some hardship here indure ?
 Death ends thy Hell, and then thy Heaven's sure,
 Rich *Dives* did, poor *Lazarus* disdain ,
 Who craved crumbs, his life for to sustain ,
 And yet the dogs, some pittty took on him,
 As if those dogs ; had his Physicians been.
 They lickt his sores , when *Lazarus* did lie ,
 At *Dives* gate, to beg his Charity.
 But *Lazarus* he, from sorrow soon was quit ,
 Here was his Hell, he was releast from it.

And

And was by Angels , carried clear away ,
 To Paradise, where he shall be for aye.
 But *Dives* was, sent to the lowest Hell,
 Where he with Divels shall for ever dwell,
 And in his torments, in the flaming fire,
 A little water, *Dives* did desire.
 To cool it tongue, but could it not obtain,
 The damned must, endure eternal pain.
 He that would not, afford the poor a crumb ,
 For water cryd ; to cool his burning tounge ,
 Observe Gods Justice upon wicked men,
 That have no mercy ; he hath none for them.
 And seek by prayer, Gods Judgements to prevent,
 Use well thy wealth, and learn to be content.
 It is a judgement, for a man to have ,
 A great Estate ; and yet still more to crave.
 The greedy man will never be content ,
 He cryes give, give, he's alwaies indigent.
 He eats, and drinks, and yet's not satisfi'd,
 This glutton hath, a greedy appetite.
 For avarice, doth foster discontent,
 It, is a sin, it is a punishment :
 It is accounted for a secret curse,
 For goods ill gotten, makes the gainers worse.
 The more they have, the less they are content,
 The more they crave, the more's their punishment
 For heaps of silver , cannot satisfie
 Him that loves silver, here's his misery.
 Then strive for grace, and greatness set aside,
 Be not content, till sin be mortifi'd.

Though

Though sin, in the regenerate remain
 Yet sin in them, doth never rule nor reign,
 Be not contented, with thy natural state,
 Gods Wrath pursues, the Unregenerate.
 And how canst thou, indure his wrathful ire?
 Or who dwell with everlasting fire?
 A natural man, is under Satans power,
 This roaring Lion, seeketh to devour.
 Be not contented, with thy wicked state,
 Get true Repentance, ere it be too late.
 He thats indebted, till the debt be paid,
 May be Arrested, and in Prison laid.
 Thou art indebted; man by *Adam* fell,
 Thou mayst be carried Prisoner unto Hell.
 Thou canst not pay, who will thy surety be,
 There's none but Christ, can undertake for thee.
 O then Repent, lay hold on Christ by Faith,
 O be contented, thou art under wrath.
 Change thy condition, hasten out sin,
 Thou wilt be damned, if thou die therein.
Lott Sodome quit, that City full of sin,
 Was all destroy'd, and all that stayd therein.
 The longer man, continues in his sin,
 The stronger hold, doth Satan get in him.
 A Garrison that's strongly fortifi'd,
 And victuall'd well, soon cannot be destroy'd.
 A Plant that's young, soon plucked up may be,
 But thou canst not, pluck up a rooted tree.
 If thou be rooted in the sin of Pride,
 And unbeleif, and nature, be thy guide,

'Tis hard to pluck up, those great roots of sin,
 Which all thy life, thou hast been rooted in.
 Break off thy sins and choose the better part,
 O man Repent, and get a broken heart,
 Thou better hadst, abide the grief and pain,
 Of setting bones, then all thy life be lame.
 That trouble's blest, that brings the soul to God,
 With patience beare, the Lords chastising Rod.
 A Conscience bad, and quiet; needs must be,
 An evil stare, a sinful Lichargy.
 Let no condition, that dishonour brings,
 Unto the Lord, who is the King of Kings.
 Give thee content, therein's no inward peace;
 And outward comforts, they will shortly cease.
 Take heed of trading, in a course of sin,
 God never call'd thee, for to trade therein,
 Art thou a servant? labour speedily,
 To get into some godly Family.
 Continue not, be not content to dwell,
 Within the Suburbs, or the smoak of Hell.
 But hasten out, of wicked sinners tents,
 Lest thou incurr their heavy punishments,
 Or be infected, with the Poysoning sin,
 Of ill example that abounds therein.
 When *Ioseph* liv'd, and greatest sway did beare;
 In *Pharaohs* Court, he learned there to swear.
 An ill example, soon is sucked in,
 Our eyes behold, our eares do let in sin,
 Good men by bad, may sooner be perverted,
 Then bad by good, to godliness converted.

A master bad, a servant bad doth make,
 Men by their Masters, do example take.
 When *Labans* flock, the pilled rods did see,
 Of Poplar, Hasle, and the Chesnut tree, (Goat)
 They did conceive and brought forth speckle
 With white, Ring-straked, and with spotted coats
 Men quickly learn, the tune that others sing,
 Examples draw, and are prevailing things.
 In *Kedars* tents, then do not thou reside,
 Lest with the wicked, thou shouldst be destroyd.
 If in a wicked Family thou dwell,
 Thou dost inhabit in a little Hell.
 A good mans house with blessing is perfum'd,
 The evil mans, in wrath shall be consum'd.
 When on the head, the holy Oyle of Grace,
 Is poured out, it much perfumes the place.
 And doth diffuse it self, most pleasantly,
 Upon the skirts, of all the family.
 Then labour thou, to live in such a place,
 Where (by Gods blessing) thou maist get more
 For good examples, are magnetical (Grace)
 But ill examples, do in danger all.
 Be not contented, with a little grace,
 But strive for more, be growing up apace.
 Tis not enough, that thou have only life,
 Grace is increased, by a holy strife.
Paul pressed hard, towards the Holy place,
 Still striving for, a greater stock of grace.
 Some Stars in brightness, others do transcend,
 More Grace, more Glory, bringeth in the end

Then

Then strive for Grace, but seek not for content
 In worldly wealth, which is not permanent.
 Let Holiness, then be thy hearts delight,
 Of Holiness God is the Prototype.
 He is the Pattern and Original,
 Of Holiness; but we are sinners all.
Divine Contentment, is a happy thing,
 From this sweet Root doth consolation spring.
 Contented Spirits, chearful spirits are,
 These Golden Shields, keep off distracting care,
 A chearful Christian, will himself submit,
 Unto Gods dealings, and rejoyce in it.
 The inward joy of him, doth not abate,
 That is contented, with his present state.
 He that's contented, hath a thankful heart,
 And all Afflictions taketh in good part,
 Sweet Contemplations, holy hearts do raise,
 They strive to be, the patterns of God's praise.
 To the contented nothing comes amiss,
 In all conditions, he contented is.
 Contented Christians, they are only those,
 Who wholly do, submit to Gods dispose.
 And will not run into a course of sin,
 To rid themselves, from troubles they are in;
 But are contented, willingly to wait,
 Gods leisure; till he free them from their streight;
 Disquietness, proceeds from unbelief,
 This want of Faith, doth cause this inward grief.
 Faith scatters fears, and doubtings puts to flight,
 It stills the heart when passions would affright,
Faith

Faith chides down passion, and prevents that sin
 When reason sinckes, then Faith aloft doth swim
 Faith shewes the soul, that all its tryals are,
 From God in love; who of the soul takes care,
 Then humble be, and learn to be content,
 If Crosses come, be not impatient.
 Keep Conscience clear, indulge not any sin,
 Guilt breeds disquiet, if it be therein.
 When as the Mote is got into the eye,
 It makes it sore, it makes it watery.
 And so doth sin, raise tempests in the soul,
 And brings a curse, it brings a flying roule.
 But if thou keep the eye of conscience clear,
 This flying roule, can never enter there.
 Then pray to God, invoke his holy name,
 O get thy heart into a praying frame.
 Prayer will prevail, against thy discontent,
 In greatest grief, Prayer gives a holy vent,
 The Key of Prayer, well oyl'd with bryny tears
 Unlocks the heart, of its affrighting fears.
 By Prayer to God, unbosome then thy soul;
 And eke thy self, upon thy Saviour roul.
 Make known thy mind, unto thy faithful friend,
 Who to thy heart, can ease and quiet send.
 Unload thy soul, into thy Saviours brest,
 Where it may have, all sweet content and rest.
 Though (God) and (man) and both, *Θεὸς ἄνθρωπος*
 Give true contentment to *φίλων ἁγίων*

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Poems of Praise, and Poems upon several other Subjects.

Good *Ihezekiah*, pleasant Poems sings,
 To God the Lord, the only King of Kings,
 Who heard his Prayers, and granted his request,
 Who heald his Plague, and freed him from the Pest
 A good example, from a godly King,
 The godly ones; God's Praises ought to sing.
 When they are cumbered, with the greatest fear,
 Terrors, and troubles, of their Conscience: where
 Can they have help, but from their gracious God
 Who whips his Children, after burns the rod.
 Both Rich and Poor, then pay your chief age to
 The Lord of. Lords, the Rent of Praise you owe.
 Can you pay less, unto so good a Lord,
 Who gave his only Son, his Holy Word,
 To save his Saints, to free their Souls from pain
 To die for them, that they might live again.
 Who all were dead, by *Adams* sinful fall,
 But now revived, by Christ's Funeral.
 Who all were slaves, till Jesus made them free,
 Till Christ did die, and climb the cursed Tree.

Praise God, praise God, praise God the Lord of Hosts,
 Praise God the Lord; the Holy Trinity. (high praise)
 Christ hath redeem'd thee, and discharg'd thy score.
 Praise God the Lord, praise him for evermore.



Proverbs, Chap. 18. Ver. 14.

*Mans spirit, will, Infirmities sustain,
 But who can beare, the woundea spirits pain.*

MAns spirit that, is furnished with Grace,
 And fortifi'd with favour of God's Face
 May pass the Pikes, and Conquer all his foes,
 Why should he fear, when God keeps back the foes,
 If God be for us, who can us withstand? (blow)
 Who can oppose *Iehovah's* mighty hand?
 Whose mercy to his people, hath no bounds,
 Nor stint, nor limit, it is so profound.
 Th' impetuous current, of the rageing Sea,
 He made Recoyle, to make his people way.
 He made the flames, of hot and burning fire,
 From his three Children, swiftly to retire.
 He made the Roaring Lyons, couch and quake,
 And change their natures, for his *Daniels* sake.
 He made the Locusts, lice, and Frogs and Flies,
 In battel ray, at his command to rise:

To save his people, from their cruel foes,
 To curb proud *Pharoh*, that did them oppose.
 He fed *Elijah*, by the croking Crow,
 When *Iezebel*, did seek his overthrow.
 He made the Furnace, like a downy bed,
 To blessed *Bainham*, that was Martyred.
 When *David* hunted was, by wicked *Saul*,
 When robbed of his wives, and children all,
 When *Ziglag* was, to ashes burnt with fire,
 When *David* had, no place of safe retire.
 When *David's* Souldiers, spake of scorning him,
 When Holy *David* was great troubles in.
 Then in distress, poor *David* wept full sore,
 Then *David* wept, till he could weep no more,
 Then *David* did, unto *Iehovah* crie
 Then *David* prayd, to God in misery.
 Then *David's* courage, was (by God) stir'd up,
 Then to the sword, th' *Amalekites* he pur.
 Then by the sword, he made his enemies fall,
 Then by Gods help, he did recover all.
 Then all true Saints: take courage in the Lord,
 Trust him in trouble, read his Holy Word.
 By weak; without; against means; he can free
 His Saints and Servants, from their misery.
 Sith a good Conscience and a flock of grace
 Be'th only means t'inconnter and our face;
 Our grand opposer, and to draw the flings
 Out of our sorrowes, and our sufferings,
 And in the dreadful day, so soveraign are,
 To save the soul from sinking in despair.

Acts &
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 ments
 1030

Poems
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Then be reprov'd, those that take no care,
 But are secure and sleight these Jewels rare,
 Those Fools and Bedlams, that have such a price
 Put in their hands, and yet are not so wise
 It to improve, for their eternal bliss,
 But all their life, and health imployed is.
 In sensual lusts, and on their Dunghil pleasures,
 Whilst they neglect, rich and eternal treasures.
 What do you think, to such poor souls belongs,
 That pleasure take, in Sarans Syren songs?
 And drink themselves drunk, with Prosperity,
 And take no care about Eternity.
 But swimming down, the current of the times,
 Neglect Gods grace, and grasp at Golden Mines.
 Abuse, misuse, unthankfully mispend,
 Their time and Talents, to an evil end.
 Neglect the Harvest time, of ining grace,
 And all their lives, licentious tracks do trace,
 For wealth and riches, run, and ride, and strive,
 And sayl a pace, at Honour to arrive.
 Alas poor souls, they seek to bear great sway,
 But will that help them in the evil day?
 When the hot gleam of earthly glory's past,
 Great Clouds of dismal darkness draw on fast,
 The grisly King of terrors stops their breath,
 And they are haled to the port of death.
 Then fiery flames, shall make them fear and quake
 They must be drowned, in the burning lake.
 What will these sleepers in the Harvest say,
 When they be waked at the dreadful day?

When guilty conscience, gnawing at the heart,
 Like to a Vulture, fiercely plaies his part,
 What will become of all the wicked then ?
 What is portion of such wicked men ?
 O vile ungrateful wretch, then hide thy face,
 God did capacitate thy soul, for grace,
 Why then dost thou, so lull thy self in lust,
 Selflove and Pride, are not God's Judgements just?
 Wast made for naught, but drink, and sleep, & eate?
 Laugh and be merry, that's a vain conceit.
 Is Conscience seard ? then ther's no mote to say,
 But to adjourn thee, to the dreadful day.
 But yet I pray, thou maist reform thy waies,
 Redeem the time, the remainder of thy daies.
 Awake, awake, and strike upon thy thigh,
 Wrestle with God, by fervent Prayer and crye.
 Faith and Repentance is the onely way,
 Against despairing in the evil day.

Of all bad men, most pestilent are those,
 That impiously, God's Ministry oppose,
 And by their hatred, malice and despight,
 Study and strive to quench the saving light.
 All that oppose, the saving word of grace,
 Do strike directly, at Christ's blessed face,
 Who is as tender, of his Ministry,
 As he is of the Aple of his Eye.

O then Repent, to God make thine address,
 Wound not thy Conscience, with such wickedness.
 The sin of Persecution lowdly cries,
 At Gods Tribunal, makes a hideous noise.

Of the
 saving
 Light.

For just revenge, the vengeance of Gods ire
 For tempests great, for showres of flaming fire,
 To be distill'd, and poured down on them,
 That are such cruel, and blood thirsty men.
 How long O Lord? O holy just and true,
 Avenge our blood, pay wicked men their due.
 These spiteful spirits, heated with hell fire,
 Flest with the blood of Saints, do much desire,
 To cloud the Sun, the Gospel of Gods Grace,
 In which transparent glass, Saints see his face.



The Nature of a Wounded Spirit.

FROM wounded spirits, there ariseth fear,
 A wounded Conscience, what proud heart can
 Mandoth conflict In this great misery (beare?)
 With God himself, a God of Majesty.
 Can sinful man, contend with God most high?
 Or dust and ashes, with eternity.
 When God is angry, no poor soul can stand,
 Against the fierceness, of his heavy hand,
 Can stubble dry'd; repel the flaming fire,
 No more can we, resist *Iehovah's* ire.
 When we are whipt, and lashed with his rod,
 And do behold the frowning face of God,

Then

Then we like leaves, with wind soon shaken are;
 And terrifi'd with flashings, of despair.
 Our heavy hearts, for fear, both faint and faile,
 Our silly souls, will then our sins bewail.
 Then with our selves, we are at enmity,
 And do enlarge the rent most grievously.
 For when our souls, are in this trembling case,
 We love too much, in Satan's Glass to gaze.
 Who labours much, by lying cruelty,
 Our sins both to enlarge and multiply.
 Of every Molehil, he a Mountain makes.
 That wounded spirits, may no comfort take,
 To every sin, he adds a bloody sting,
 That he poor sinners, to despair may bring.
 Then what they think, remember, see or hear,
 Is turnd to terrour, and to hideous fear.
 The dreadful fancy, then doth bear its part,
 By fained horrors, with the trembling heart.
 Which is perplexed, with most grievous pain,
 And restless anguish, doth therein remain:
 And brings the Patient into such a rage,
 That he his present horrour to assuage,
 Would rather die, then live, and choose to dwell,
 With Hellish Furies, in the Pit of Hell,
 Such are the terrours, of a troubled mind,
 Bruised and wounded, in this woful kind.
 As may appear, both by the desperate cry
 Of *Cain*, and *Indas*, damn'd eternally.
 As also by, the mournful sad complaints,
 Of *Iob* and *David*, and such glorious Saints.

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ted.

These flames of horreur, how shall we endure?
What Balsome can, a wounded Conscience cure?
In friends, nor Physick, nothing's to be found,
The Blood of Christ, can only cure this wound.
Ye unconverted, be perswaded then,
To turn to God; for unconverted men,
Though they awhile, in pleasant places dwell
They'l be transplanted, in the Pit of Hell.
Then tis too late, Repentance then is past,
Redeem the time; whilst thy short life doth last.
For sake not mercy, but thy sins forsake,
God freely offers Christ; his offer take.
If thou refuse, how wilt thou then avoid
The wrath of God which wicked men abide?
Art sick, and senceless; dost thou feel no smart?
Thou hast the symptom of a stony heart.
When Conscience stings, and sins in Battail ray,
Do set themselves then (in the evil day)
What wilt thou do? those Lions then will rear,
Thy trembling heart and thee, confound with feare.
Then subtil Satan, he will play his part,
And shoot tentations, at thy fainting heart,
He was thy Master, thou didst him obey,
Thou didst walk with him, in the damned way.
Now in thy sickness, thou wouldst him forsake,
But now the Devil doth advantage take:
And doth indite thee, for thy evil acts,
And now thy Conscience, proves thy filthy facts.
Thou tookst full draught, of carnal peace and pleasure
Thou didst carrouse, & ripple in great measure,

Thou

Thou didst God's faithful Ministers despise,
 And with thy tongue by slanders, scotts and lyes,
 Didst much abuse them, and with great despight,
 Didst labour much, to quench the living light.
 Thou didst thy will, and power, and purse imploy,
 God's faithful Saints, and servants to destroy.
 Such crying sins as these, and many more,
 Stand on the unconverted sinners score.

Ye that are washed from the filth of sin,
 Free'd from that damned state, your souls were in
 Flie sinful Lusts, defile your souls no more,
 By such Rebellion, as you did before.
 Sin is most hateful, in the sight of God,
 And doth procure, his smart correcting rodd.
 God loves all creatures, that he ever made,
 But hateth sin, with everlasting hate.
 Sin wounds the soul, brings men to misery.
 Sin was the cause, that God's dear Son did die,
 Sin Satan made, sin sunk him into hell,
 Sin sunk the Pir, where all the damned dwell.
 Sin God offends, sin is the greatest evil,
 Sin damns the soul, sin is the rankest Devil.
 Is sin sougly? why doth most delight
 In sinful waies? why doth not sin affright
 Them from pursuing, of their Carnal pleasures,
 And make them strive, to get eternal treasures:
 Now Satan puts (on sin) in such a case,
 A seeming fairness, on a hellish face.
 He paints this Harlott, in a handsome dress,
 And souls to sin, draws by deceitfulness,

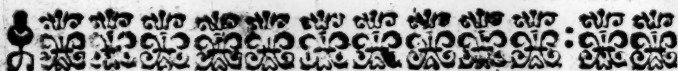
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Were this deformed Hagg, without false hair,
 And painted face, she could not scules insnare,
 The grisly face of sin, would men affright,
 But by false colours, it seems fair and bright.
 Thus Satan covers, sins deformity,
 And makes it pleasant, to the sinners eye.
 Though of it self it's filthy, foul and naught,
 Compar'd to meat thrust out, into the draught.
 All other filth, the body doth defile,
 but sin's contagious, and the soul doth soyle.
 It's most infectious, like a Leprosie,
 Infects the walls, the cloathes, Posterity.
 The sin of *Adam*, to his seed remains,
 Till Christ's warm Blood, doth wash away the
 (staines.



*The misery of Man, not Reconciled to
 God in Christ.*

O Wretched man ; where shall my Muse begin?
 To state the case that thy poor soul is in,
 Who art condemned, to eternal death,
 Adjudg'd to Hell, before thou drawest breath.
 Thy Father *Adam*, was by God created,
 In innocence, in Paradise, was placed ,

That

That he and his Posterity might have,
 Immortal life, and conquer Hell, and Grave.
 To him, all earthly Creatures, were made free,
 For meat and use, excepted was one tree,
 That was forbidden, under pain of Hell,
 He ate thereof, and so thy Father fell.
 Pride puff'd him up, he did beleive the Devil,
 He tasted of, the Tree of Good and Evil,
 By this foul fall, eternal misery,
 Intrailed was, on his Posterity.
 And made them subject to sore punishment,
 Whilst they like thee, remain impenitent.

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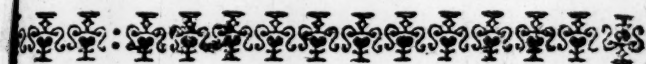
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A DIVINE POEM.

OR

A Confession of FAITH:

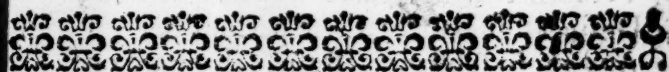
Composed in Meeter, By *E. Manlove Esq;*
Of the Scriptures and Arguments to prove them
the Word of God.

BY God's good word ; the way unto salvation,
 Is truly taught, by holy Inspiration,
 O then beleive it, and the same obey,
 Give no such credit to Appocrypha :
 Nor to traditions, of the Romish See ;
 All saving truths in Scripture written be.
 And are recorded for Divinity
 By truth it self, the holy Trinity.
 Depending not upon the testimony
 Of any Church ; the Pope of *Rome* , or any :
 But God the Author ; our most blessed Lord,
 Receive them therefore , as his Holy word.
 But we by witness, of the Church may deem,
 The Scripture worthy , of a high esteem.
 O prize it highly, 'tis a precious thing ,
 Sweet tidings of Salvation, it doth bring.

The

The stile and doctrine, challenge reverence,
 The efficacy, gives great evidence,
 Of Gods known will; it makes a full discovery,
 And shewes the way for sinful man's recovery.
 Though mortal man, of Scripture was the writer
 Yet God's good spirit, was the sole Inditer.
 Some Secretaries, God did set apart,
 Who spoke and wrote, but he inspir'd the heart.
 These Writers did, for Holiness surpass,
 All Popes and Doctors, of the Romish Mass.
 And by their works, such depth of wisdom shon
 As learned men, could not attain unto,
 Yet never trained up, in Learned Schooles,
 With them compar'd, Philosophers are fooles.
 The Prophet *Amos*, he did far surpass,
 Some learned Rabbies; yet a Herdsman was.
 And *Peter*, *James* and *John* but fishermen,
 Admired by the Elders of Jerusalem.
 Amongst the writers, ther's a sweet concord,
 Which proves the Scripture, is the Holy Word.
 None disagree, at which we may admire,
 For God (himself) the Penmen did inspire,
 They wrote such things, as never wit could hatch
 No History, this History doth match.
 And what they wrote was full of Majesty,
 Profoundness, Wisdom, and Authority:
 Commanding Credit, to be had to them,
 Denouncing threats, against all wicked men,
 The end and scope, of all the Scriptures be,
 For God's great glory, and mans felicity.

he writers antient, for Antiquity;
 Moses more antient, then the Heathens be.
 The deadly hatred that the Divels beare,
 against the Scriptures, (yet beleive and fear)
 Do prove them plainly, to proceed from God;
 Nor from the dictates of meer flesh and blood.
 The preservation of them also may,
 Though none in time, so antient be as they,)
 induce us to beleive, and eke accord,
 That all the Scriptures, are God's holy word.
 Experience shewes, the power of God in them,
 Even by their humbling and exalting men.
 And when God's spirit shall our hearts incline,
 For to beleive these Misteries sublime,
 And also write them, in our inward parts.
 We shall beleive them, with beleiving hearts.

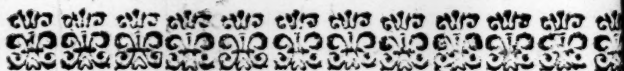


Of G O D.

God is most glorious, wise, and doth excell,
 All future things, he knowes, and can foretell:
 He sees into each corner of our hearts,
 And knowes the secrets of our inner parts.
 This great *Iehovah*, is Omnipotent,
 Yea good and gracious, and omniscient.
 A God of love, his love, to (his) sincere,
 More then their fathers, or their mothers were.

Ho

He loves all things, that he did ever make,
 And loves his Son, and (his) for his Sons sake.
 His mercy's great, he succors (his) in need,
 He did *Elisba*, by the Ravens feed.
 He is most just in works, in word and will,
 Rewarding good, detecting what is ill,



Of the Trinity.

Singula
 sunt in
 singulis
 omnia
 in singu-
 lis & sin-
 gula in
 unibus
 & unum
 omnia
 Aug. lib.
 6. de tri.
 cap. ult.

GOD is one perfect Essence ; full of Bliss,
 Whose being of himself eternal is.
 Yet in this Essence, there are persons three,
 Distinct substances, these persons be.
 And yet in substance, all these three are one,
 Gods Essence is, without distinction.
 And yet the persons, in this Essence be,
 Distinguish'd by, the Holy Trinity.
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Divine,
 Names, Orders, Actions do them best define,
 The first the Father's named ; in respect,
 Of Christ his Son, and then of his Elect.
 The second person, then ; the Son is nam'd,
 Because he's of his Fathers nature fram'd :
 And of his substance, is by generation,
 Th' Eternal Son of God, not by Creation,

The third, the Holy Ghost, who by spiration,
 Receives his Essence, not by generation,
 And is so called, both in this respect,
 That he proceeds and sanctifi's th' elect.
 So by the order, several things we see,
 The several workings of the Trinity.
 The Father works by th' son, and holy spirit,
 Yet each for dignity, of equal merit.
 None first, none last, save order, is excepted,
 One God, all God, all equally respected.
 The Glorious Essence; wholly in all three,
 And in each perion of the Trinity.

And by the Counsell of Gods holy will,
 He rul'd the world, and so doth rule it still.
 And hath determin'd all things by decree,
 From time to time, from all Eternity.
 Some unto life, some unto death there be,
 Predestinated; by this great decree.
 From hence we learn, and so all Christians may
 God deals with Dust, as Porters do with Clay.

King-
 dome of
 God his
 eternal
 decree,



The Creation.

God did of nothing, all things firstly frame,
 And made them good, for Glory of his name
 D For.

For in six dayes, created were by him,
 The world ; and all things that were made therein
 And when he had all other creatures made,
 Man ; Male and Female, he did then create,
 And into them, immortal souls infus'd,
 With Righteousness, and Holiness indu'd.
 In his own Image, he did them create,
 Both free from sin ; and in a holy state.
 And God was pleas'd, a Covenant to frame,
 And ty'd them to, performance of the same.
 And life to them, and their posterity,
 Did promise, if they kept it perfectly.
 They were indu'd with liberty of will,
 And freedom had, his statutes to fulfill.
 To them all earthly Creatures, were made free,
 For meat and use, excepted was one tree.
 That was forbidden, under pain of Hell ;
 They ate thereof ; so Male and Female fell,
 Pride puff'd them up, they did beleive the Devil,
 They tasted of, the tree of good and evil.
 And by this sin, eternal misery,
 Inrayled was ; on their Posterity. (hence
 Three things, each Christian, may observe from
 God's Power, Wisdome, and great Providence,
 Who order'd all ; to Holy ends herein,
 Yet was no Author, of this grievous sin.
 By *Adam's* fall ; all men have inclination,
 To every sin, and all their Generation.
 And are bound over, to the wrath of God,
 Curse of the Law, and his destroying Rod.

The fall of man. They ate thereof ; so Male and Female fell,
 Pride puff'd them up, they did beleive the Devil,

Gods
 Provi-
 dence,

Now see compassion, in this woful case,
 God offers Man, a Covenant of Grace :
 That all th'elect by Faith might saved be,
 Both Jew and Gentile none excepted he.
 Seleave and live, God offers Christ to thee,
 If thou accept him, hel'e a Saviour be.
 A Prophet, Priest, and eke a Royal King,
 Right Heire of all things, is this Holy thing.
 Head of the Church, Redeemer of the same,
 Judge of the world, Christ Jesus is his name.
 Twixt God and man, he is the great Peace-maker,
 Surely for Saints, the only Mediator.
 Equal with God, yet did assume the nature
 Of *Adams* seed (falsn man) a sinful creature.
 Yet without sin, but not infirmities,
 He had a sence of all man's miseries.
 Conceaved by the Holy Ghost he was,
 And through the Virgin *Maries* Womb did pass,
 And of her substance, also did pertake,
 And yet his God-head, he did not forsake.
 Without Conversion, or Confusion there,
 Godhead and Manhood, both conjoynd were,
 And doth remain, withour a seperation,
 Both God and man, the God of our salvation.
 Who was Anointed, with the holy spirit
 That he might mediate, for man and merit.
 He undefiled was, and full of grace,
 And fitted for, a Mediators place.
 And from his Father, he receiv'd command
 Who put all power, and judgement in his hand.

To undertake, and execute the same,
 For th' good of man, and glory of his name.
 That God and man, might reconciled be,
 And Christ do all things that might make him free
 Christ did this Office, freely undertake,
 And did discharge it, for his servants sake.
 Which none could do but he, he did fulfil,
 The Law exactly, and his Fathers will.

The Pas-
 sion of
 Christ.

His soul and body under sufferings were,
 His blessed body, peirc'd with a Spear.
 This blessed man, on'th Cross was Crucifi'd,
 And for our sins, our blessed Saviour dy'd:
 To save the Saints, and free their Souls from pain
 He dy'd for them; that they might live again.
 Who all were dead, by *Adam's* sinful Fall,
 But now revived by Christ's Funeral.

Of
 Christ's
 resur-
 rection
 and as-
 sention.

Who all were slaves, till Jesus made them free
 Till Christ did dye, and climb the cursed Tree.
 When death dominion got, the power it kept,
 Till the third day, our Blessed Saviour slept,
 Without Corruption, then he rose again,
 And conquer'd death and Hell, and deadly pain
 And the same body, which in earth did lie,
 Assended up, into the Heavens high.
 And is exalted to the Throne of Grace,
 By God his Father in a glorious place.
 There to remain, until he shall descend,
 To judge the world, when it shall have an end:
 Our Saviour was, a Holy Sacrifice,
 One offer'd up to God, which satisfi'd

As Fathers justice, and hath reconcil'd,
 Him to th' elect, by *Adam's* fall defil'd.
 The womans seed. did break the Serpents head,
 The Lamb was slain for Saints and buried.
 Christ hath Redemption, purchased, for men,
 And intercession he doth make for them.
 Whose he redeem'd, to them he doth apply,
 His purchase made (by him) effectually.
 And by his word a perfect Declaration;
 Reveal'd to them, of th' mysteries of salvation.
 And by his spirit, in their inner parts,
 Doth work Obedience, and doth guide their hearts
 And all their enemies, he doth overcome,
 By's Power, Wisdome, and Dominion.



Of Free Will.

MAN in the state of Innocency had,
 A power to will, and do both good and bad.
 He badly did, and he by doing ill,
 Lost both the power and freedome of his will.
 He disobey'd, and lost his happy station,
 To will or do, what might obtain Salvation.
 To what is good, he wholly is averse,
 And also dead, in sins and trespasses.

Man of himself, thus merg'd in misery,
 Can nothing do, for his recovery :
 Till God convert him ; and do him translate,
 Into a godly and a gracious state.
 Then he doth free him, from his natural sin,
 And from the bondage, he before was in.
 And by his Grace, doth give him power and skill,
 Spiritual works, as well to do, as will.
 Yet still the seeds, of unregeneration,
 Remain in him, till death remove his station,
 And when he comes, into eternal bliss,
 Free to all good (and not till then) he is.



Of Effectual Calling.

ALL those that unto life by God's decree,
 Predestinated are assuredly :
 His Heirs shall be, and Heaven shall inherit,
 And shall be called, by his word and spirit.
 Out of the state of death, and deadly sin,
 In which by Nature, they were plunged in :
 Into a state of grace, and of Salvation,
 By Jesus Christ, and through his mediation.
 And their blind minds, shall filled be with light,
 To understand, the things of God aright,

From

From them shall taken be, their hearts of stone,
 And hearts of flesh, infused in the room,
 And in their wills, they shall renewed be,
 To do what's good; then grace shall make them
 This calling is, by special grace alone (free
 And not for any thing foreseen or known,
 That is in man : therein he passive is;
 God by his spirit, freely calleth (his)
 And them enables, also to embrace
 His gracious offer, when he offers grace.
 Elected Infants in their Infancy,
 Are sav'd by Christ, although the Infants die,
 Persons elect, depriv'd of outward call
 By'th Ministry, yet they are saved all.
 Men not elected, though they called be
 By'th outward call, of word and Ministry.
 And have some operations of the spirit,
 shall not be saved, by Christ Jesus merrit.
 And those that be not Christians they can never;
 Salvation have, by any way whatsoever.
 Though they their lives, do frame by natures light,
 And keep that Law, wherein they do delight.



Of Iustification.

ALL those that called are effectually,
 The same God doth most freely iustifie.
 And into them, doth righteousness infuse,
 They are the Children, God doth freely chuse,
 Their sins he pardons, and their persons takes,
 As righteous all, for Christ our Saviour's sake.
 Not for the works or deeds, which they have done,
 Their debts discharg'd, by Jesus Christ (his Son)
 He by his sufferings, did acquit from sin,
 All those that rest, and do rely on him.
 By lively faith, his righteousness is theirs,
 This Faith God gives to his Adopted Heirs.
 And they receive the same beleivingly,
 And by their faith, God doth them iustifie.
 All saving graces do attend this one,
 Faith works by love, and never goes alone,
 And for all those that are thus iustifi'd,
 To answer Justice, our dear Saviour di'd,
 Man's iustify'd, this done, by Gods free grace,
 And yet observe, that Justice keeps his place.

That

That all the elect, for which our Saviour dy'd,
 By Gods decree, were freely justifi'd.
 Yet though elected, they are not just men,
 Till Christ by 'th spirit, be apply'd to them.
 Man justifi'd, can never lose that treasure,
 Yet he by 's sins, may suffer Gods displeasure.
 And lose the favour of his countenance,
 Till he be humbled by true penitence.
 And do confess his sin, and pardon get,
 Renew his faith, and so remove the lett.
 Believers under, the Old Testament,
 (As under new,) herein is also meant.
 And of God's mercy, freely did partake,
 And justify'd were for our Saviours sake.



Of Adoption.

ALL those (by God) that justified be,
 For his Sons sake, adopted are and free,
 God for his Children, them doth freely take,
 They have access unto the Throne of Grace,
 And Abba Father, they may boldly cry,
 And he will help them in their misery.
 He pities them, and them he doth protect,
 He is their father and will them correct.
 Yet he his Children never will forsake,
 Co-heirs with Christ, he doth his Children make.

Of



Of Sanctification.

ALL the Ele&ct, that are regenerated,
 In them new hearts and Spirits are created :
 And all such Saints are sanctified more
 By God's good spirit, then they were before,
 And they not only are more sanctifi'd
 But sins dominion, is in them destroy'd.
 And that dominion being so destroy'd,
 Their several Lusts, in them are mortifi'd.
 More quickning and more fading graces then,
 Appear in all such sanctified men :
 More power they have to practise holiness
 Which brings them to eternal hapiness,
 Yet notwithstanding ; Saints proceed so far,
 Still their corruptions, raise a dealy warr.
 The flesh and spirit, alwaies are at strife,
 Flesh fights for death, the spi it strives for life.
 And in this fight, the flesh doth many maim,
 And then the spirit, conquer's it again.
 And then the Saints, in saving graces grow,
 More flesh doth fight, more grace it self doth show.

Of



Of saving Faith.

By 'th word and spirit, saving faith is wrought ;
 In all th' elect, and they thereby are brought ;
 Into the way that leads to perfect bliss,
 And then their Faith, by Prayer increased is.
 Then by the Sacraments, they get more strength ;
 By Faith in Christ, their souls are sav'd at length.
 By this true Faith ; all Christians do accord,
 To all the truths, in the revealed word.
 And square their actions, by the Rule and Line,
 Of God's good word, as he doth them incline .
 Doing and suffering, what he doth require,
 Doing the same, with hearts that are intire.
 Trembling at threats, the promises imbracing
 Resting on Christ our Saviour, for salvation.



Of Repentance unto Life.

BY Gods good spirit, and by his Holy Word,
 Which are as sharp, as any edged sword:

True

True penitence, may be so wrought in him,
 That was defiled, by notorious sin,
 That by Gods grace, and by the sence and sight,
 Of sins defilement, he may grow contrite
 And greatly greive, that he did ever sin,
 Against the Lord, that suffer'd death for him:
 And may endeavour, with a true intent,
 To walk the waies of God's Commandements.
 Man by Repentance, cannot pardon merit
 And yet without it, cannot blifs inherit.
 No sins so small, but it deserves damnation,
 No sin's so great, but man may have salvation;
 By true Repentance, but observe herein,
 He ought t'repent, of all and every sin
 And them confesse to God, and them forsake,
 And pray for pardon, for our Saviours sake
 And if he doth, his brother scandalize
 Or the true Church in any wise,
 He must confes't, and sorrow for the same
 And reconcile himself, to them again.



Of good Works.

Such works as God by's holy word commands,
 Such he accepts, from all his peoples hands,
 But such as be the products of blind zeal,
 Or mans device, shall not a whit avail.

Good

Good works by men, done in obedience,
 To Gods commands, are fruits and evidence.
 Of true and lively Faith, and manifest,
 That they by Faith do in assurance rest :
 And have a good and strong, and full perswasion,
 Founded upon the promise, of salvation,
 Men by good works their brethren edifie
 Adorn Profession and (God) glorifie.
 They by their works, shew what they do profess,
 Their faith produceth fruits of holiness,
 No man (good works) by his own power can do
 The spirit doth inable him thereto.
 Yet must he not, be negligent and sin,
 But must stir up the grace of God in him.
 They that attain unto the greatest height,
 Yet their obedience alwaies wanteth weight
 Man's short of duty, in a sinful state,
 How then can any supererrogate ?
 No mortal man (for sin) can pardon merit,
 Such Popish thoughts, proceed from no good spirit,
 When he hath done what ever he can do,
 His duty he, cannot attain unto.
 What good, man doth, proceedeth from the spirit,
 What's wrought by him, is staine'd, where's then the
 Yet as the persons, of beleivers be, (merit ?
 By God (through Christ) accepted, so doth he,
 Their works accept, yet still its all through him,
 For their best works, defiled are with sin.
 But God accepts them, if they be sincere,
 And them rewards, as if they perfect were,

God

God doth not unbelivers, workes accept,
 And yet they sin, if they good works neglect:
 Their works proceed, from hearts not purifi'd
 Therefore by them, God is not glorifi'd.



Of the perseverance of the Saints

VV ^{(rit,} Hom God accepted hath, for his sons me-
 And call'd and sanctifi'd by his good spirit
 They never can, (that are in such a case)
 Fall finally; from that good state of Grace,
 But shall therein continue to the end,
 And then their souls, to Heaven shall ascend
 This perseverance, wholly doth depend
 On God's decree, which never hath an end:
 And not upon th' free will of sinful men,
 But th' spirit's power, that inables them.
 This floweth from, the love of God so free
 In Christ, that it, can never changed be.
 Yet through corruption, man may sin commit,
 And for a time, may take delight in it.
 And may thereby, incur the Lords displeasure,
 And be depriv'd of comfort in some measure,
 And conscience wound, and hardness have of heart
 And eke of judgements, feel the weight and smart.



*Of the Assurance of Grace and
Salvation.*

THough Hypocrites, and unregenerate,
May through false hopes, mistake their own
And thereupon presume of their salvation, (estate:
When they are in, the state of deep damnation :
Yet true beleivers, may assured be,
Of their salvation, and felicity.
If for salvation, they on Christ rely,
By Faith; and love him in sincerity.
Indeavouring good, detesting every sin,
A happy state, are such beleivers in.
And of salvation, may themselves assure,
And happiness that shall for aye endure.
Men may have Faith, and yet may not attain,
To full assurance, nor perceive the same.
For many times, God makes his Children waite,
And suffer conflicts, ere they do pertake
Of such assurance; yet the Lord takes care
For their support: and keeps them from despair.
And they that get assurance, of salvation,
Are not so sure, but that it may be shaken.
For God the same, doth often intermit
When they are careless of preferring it.

Or

Or do commit, some great and griveous sin,
 When by temptation Satan drawes them in,
 Or if the Lord withdraw himself from them
 They walk in darkness, like despairing men.
 Yet when the Lord, thus for a time departs
 He leaves his spirit, working in their hearts.
 And he himself returns in his due time,
 Then their assurance is reviv'd again,



*Of Religious Worship, and Rest on the
 Lords Day.*

THe light of nature, shewes, there is a Lord,
 That rules and raigneth over all the world.
 Good of himself, and doth do good to all,
 Unto this God, we ought to cry and call:
 Fear him and love him, trust him day and night,
 Praise him and serve him, with our hearts and might.

Questio. But what's the Worship, that will please the Lord.

Answer. Such as he hath revealed in his word.

Not mans device, not mans imagination,
 Nor the suggestions, that proceed from Satan.
 But Gods good word, prescribes the ready way,
 Walk in the same, Rest on the Sabbath day.

Rest

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Religious worship's, due to God alone;
 To Angels, Saints, and other creatures none :
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, then pay,
 This Holy Tribute, and no other way.
 And that thy service, may have acceptation,
 Do all thou dost, through Christ his mediation,
 Prayer with thanksgiving, from a holy heart
 Of this pure worship, is a special part :
 By God required, from all sorts of men,
 But that it may accepted be from them :
 It must be made, through Jesus Christ the Son,
 And by the help, of his good spirit done.
 According to his will most reverently,
 In faith and love with all humility.
 And all such Worship, (vocal) must be done
 Not in the Popish way, but in the vulgar tongue.
 We ought to pray, for all the sorts of men,
 But for the dead, we must not pray for them.
 Nor pray for him, that doth of malice sin,
 Against the spirit, that enlightned him.
 Read Holy Scriptures, with a godly fear,
 Sound Preaching of the Word, eke gladly hear :
 Perform these duties in Obedience,
 Unto the Lord, with faith and reverence.
 Singing of Psalmes, with good and gracious hearts,
 Receive the Sacraments, for they are parts.
 Of that Religious Worship, God commands,
 And doth expect, at all his peoples hands.
 Besides Religious Oathes, Vowes, solemn Fasts,
 And eke Thanksgivings, for deliverance past,

Religious Worship, will accepted be,
 In any place, performed reverently,
 And is not ty'd, to places here or there,
 God may be truly worshipt every where.
 In publick, private, or in families,
 But yet more solemnly, in Church Assemblies :
 Which wilfully, must not neglected be,
 When God calls us, to such solemnity.
 One day in seven, wholly must be kept,
 And for a Sabbath, must a part be set :
 And solemniz'd, unto the living Lord,
 According to his will and holy word.
 The seventh day, the Jewish Sabbath was,
 Till Jesus Christ, from death to life did pass.
 Since on the first, it hath been kept alway,
 And so is (now) the Christian Sabbath day.
 This Sabbath, to the Lord is holy kept,
 When as the people do, with due respect.
 To his commands, fit and prepare their hearts,
 And worldly business, wholly set a part.
 And do observe a holy rest that day,
 Not to their Recreations giving way :
 Nor their own works, nor words, nor thoughts,
 Works of necessity, and mercy yet we ought
 To do : but we must alwaies careful be,
 In all we do, to act Religiously.



Of the Church.

ALL God's Elect that Heaven shall inherit,
 And be by Faith, partakers of Christ's merit
 All those the univ^{er}s^{al} Church we call,
 They are Christ's flock, and he the head of all,
 Out of all Nations, is this flock selected,
 Cleans'd by Christ's Blood, and by himself accepted
 And the whole number of th'elected ones,
 That have been, are, or shall be. he will own.
 The Church of Christ, which visible we call,
 And under the Gospel, is Catholick
 Consists of them and theirs, that do profess,
 The true Religion, and true Holiness.
 Out of this way, can no sure expectation
 Be had by any, of their souls salvation.
 Unto the Church, Christ gave the Ministry
 Which by his spirit, works effectually.
 For gathering, and for making perfect (his)
 That are elected, to eternal bliss
 And of this Church, Christ Jesus is the head,
 And by his spirit, are his people lead.
 The Pope of *Rome*, cannot in any sence
 Be Head thereof, you may collect from hence
 That he's the Anti-Christ, and man of sin,
 That doth oppose Christ's holy Church, and him.



Of the Communion of Saints.

ALL Saints to Jesus Christ their head; are knit
 By's spirit and faith, and have a fellowship
 With him in's sufferings, death, and in his graces
 His Resurrection; and in (happy cases)
 Are all such Saints, and Heaven shall inherit,
 And eke partake of Christ and all his merits.
 So all such Saints, to one another knit
 In love, begets a holy fellowship.
 They have Communion, in each others graces
 Share in their Prayers, and in their hearts have pla-
 And are oblig'd, such duties to perform, (cas
 Publick and private, as may them concern.
 And to their mutual good, conducing be,
 Both to the outward man, and inwardly.
 This fellowship, which Saints, with Christ enjoy,
 In no respect, gives them equality,
 With him, none of his Saints, or servants can,
 Compare, as he, is either God or man.
 Nor Saints Communion, never can destroy
 In Goods or Lands, their sole propriety.



Of Baptisme.

Baptisme is a Holy Sacrament,
Which doth to us, most lively represent,
The powerful washing of the blood and spirit,
Of Christ ; that did for all beleivers merit.
Into the Church , they have initiation,
And signes and seales, of their regeneration,
Pardon of sins , is eke confirm'd to them,
And into Christ, they are ingrafted then.
They sin that do, this Ordinance neglect,
Salvation yet, to it's, not so anext
But that without it infants may be saved,
And some into Perdition go, that have it.



Of the Lords Supper.

This ordinance unto the soul is sweet, (upright,
Where there is faith , and where the Heart's
What empty, poor, and barren things are then,
The Sacraments , to unbeleiving men?
Get faith, Repent, draw neer to God and pray,
Use ordinances in a Holy way.

Tis great dishonour, to the God of might,
 When men, his holy Ordinances sleight,
 O then call in for all the flock of grace,
 Stir up affections, in this weighty case.
 First get your sins, slain by the edged sword,
 Of Gods good spirit in the Holy Word
 Excite your faith, Repentance exercise,
 For take all sins, and buy the Pearl of prise,
 Faith is the Captain and the Master-grace,
 Faith fits our souls, our Saviour to embrace.
 Faith is a Jewel, faith doth justifie,
 By faith on Christ, poor sinners do rely.
 Faith gives us interest, in his benefits,
 Faith, weary souls, for Grace and mercy fits.
 Faith, gives us interest, in Christ's blood and merit,
 Faith, makes Christ ours, both in his grace & spirit,
 Faith makes the soul, his Saviour apprehend,
 The grace of faith, our souls to Christ commend.
 By faith, we do, our Saviours body eate.
 By faith, Christs body, we receive for meat :
 By faith, we drink our blessed Saviours blood,
 Our Saviours Body, is his servants food
 The matter of the Sacrament indeed,
 Is Christ himself, whereon we chiefly feed.
 By him, we nourish'd are, our sins are kil'd,
 By Christs warm blood, our souls with Grace are
 O sin-sick soul, cast thou more dainties wish (fil'd
 Then to be nourish'd, by this Princely Dish?
 Hath Christ provided, sinners such a Feast?
 By which their graces are so much increast

O then praise God, flie evill, follow good,
 Thy filthy sins, have shed thy Saviours blood.
 All wicked persons and impenitent,
 Pertake not of, this blessed Sacrament,
 For graceless perions, by the same grow worse,
 Instead of blessings, they obtain a curse.
 Grace in the Sacrament is never bred,
 But grace by it's Increas'd and nourished
 They that come graceless thither, graceless may,
 Return from thence, and go much worse away,



*The State of Man after Death, and of
 the Resurrection of the
 Dead.*

WHen men are dead, their mortal bodies must,
 Both see corruption, and return to dust.
 And then their souls, which shall immortal be,
 Return unto the Lord immediately.
 The souls of Saints, that lived righteously
 Are then receav'd into the Heavens high,

Where they behold Gods face, in glorious light,
 At h' day of Judgement souls and bodies meet.
 The souls of wicked men, are sent to Hell,
 Where they in pain, and utter darkness dwell,
 And are reserv'd unto the judgement day,
 Then to receive their dreadful doom for aye.
 Two places, only God, for souls created,
 When souls and bodies should be seperated,
 At h' day of Judgement, such as life enjoy
 Shall all be changed : but they shall not die.
 And all the dead, that day shall raised be,
 With the same bodies, not such qualities
 And to their souls, united be again,
 Some doom'd to blifs, some to eternal pain,



Of the last Judgement.

God hath appointed, Jesus Christ his Son,
 To judge the World; and to pronounce the
 Or wicked Angels, and all earthly men, (doom
 Who shall appear, and shall be judged then,
 By Jesus Christ, who shall in glory sit,
 Condemn the wicked, and the Godly quit,

This

t, This day of Judgement, it shall surely come,
God knows the time, and none but he alone.

O Watch, and Pray; then night and day,
God's Lawes obey, that Christ may say,
Thou hast done faithfully :
Thou hast well done : O therefore come,
And enter into Joy.

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Pr

P O E M S

Against

POPERY:

COMPOSED

By *Edward Manlove* of *Ashborn* in the
County of *Derby* Esquier.



L O N D O N

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To the R E A D E R.

PEruse these Poems, drest in mean attire,
 Love truth, hate error heartily desire,
 To follow Peace, and worship God aright,
 Observe the Scriptures, Romish errors sleight.
 The Roman Church, did Christ her Spouse for sake,
 And to her Idols, did her self betake.
 She is unclean, defil'd with spots and stains,
 Unsound, corrupt, but yet a Church remains.
 Therefore beware, of utter detestation,
 Of all her doctrine, all's not Innovation.
 Truth's fundamental, which themselves describe,
 By their bright lustre do not thou deny,
 But them imbrace, and shun what is unsound,
 Coyne currant is, that's in a channel found,
 Refuse the Chaff, do not the Wheat reject;
 Hate Heresie but wholesome Truths respect.
 They hold three persons in the Trinity,
 We hold the same, and do them deifie.
 But for their error, and their false Tradition,
 They do deserve our utter opposition,
 Regard them not, beleive not Romish Fables,
 Abhor their Idols, Crosses, Beades, and Bables.
 Their Agnus Dei, which Pope Urban tells
 Will work strange feats, and evil sprights dispel,
 Their

Their creeping crouch, their kissing of the Pax,
 Their Medals, Roses, and such Romish knacks.
 Their halloved swords, their false equivocations,
 In sacred Oathes, their mental reservations,
 Their worshipping of wooden stocks and stones,
 Their Adoration of old rotten bones.
 Their Altars, Vestures, Images and Tapers,
 Their Censings, Offerings, Shrines, and holy Waters.
 Their new found Faith, of Transubstantiation,
 Their Prayers to Saints, a Popish Innovation,
 Their Cancelling Christ's Will and Testament,
 By mangling of the Holy Sacrament.
 Their Bulls, their Pardons and their Purgatory,
 Their Latine service and such Ceremony,
 Their Pilgrimage, their Merits and Processions,
 Their five new Sacraments, their forc'd Confessions,
 Their deifying of the Romish Whore,
 Vain sacrifice, and many errors more.
 These Popish errors, totally discard,
 These Apish toys, (good Reader) disregard,
 And so farwel, what follows now peruse,
 Embrace the Truth, my errors all excuse.

P O E M S

Against

Popery.

Composed by *Edward Manlove Esq;*

I. *Against the Popish Tenent of
Justification by inherent Right-
eousness*

Inherent Justice, no man Justifies,
Our Righteousness, in Christ our Saviour lies,
And his, made ours, by faith it doth suffice,
To make us Righteous, in Gods Righteous Eyes,
And all his Members clearly will acquit,
With Judgement fear, when Jesus Christ shall sit,
The

The Romish Whore, a Bastard brood did nurse,
 Who blast this truth, with a tridentine curse;
 Christ's righteousness, (imputed) must give place
 To righteousness, by our inherent grace,
 This horrid point, *Pelagius*, did invent,
 And 'twas confirmed, at the Council *Trent*.
 Till then, this point of Faith, did not intrude,
 Till then, this error, Councils did exclude.

Allo
Chrisost-
ome, Am-
brose, Ber-
nard, Gre-
gory, Je-
rom.

Which now for truth the Romish Church retain
 This new found faith, doth still at *Rome* remain,
 But *Aufsin* doth, this Popish point deny,
 Inherent justice cannot justify.

Ec. 7. 20

Pr. 20. 9

Es. 64. 6.

Ro. 7. 23

James

3. 2.

Joh. 1. 8.

Act. 13.

39. Rom

3. 24.

Eph. 8. 9

2 Cori.

5. 21.

In vain the Papists wrangle and dispute,
 This Popish point, which Scripture doth confute
 We are unjust, our hearts are all unclean,
 Our righteousness, as filthy raggs remain.
 And in our members, are the law o' sin,
 Which leads us Captain, waging war therein,
 In many things, all mortal men offend
 We sinners are, till sinful life do end.

We are deceived if we do deny,
 This sacred truth, and full of falsity,
 Through faith in Christ believers are made just,
 By his free grace, to works we dare not trust.
 Our blessed Saviour, was for us made sin,
 And we the righteousness of God, in him.
 Can filthy raggs poor sinners justify?
 Or save them from eternal misery?
 Repent, beleive, to God for mercy pray:
 Christ's blood alone, can wash thy sins away.

Again

Against the Doctrine of Merit

HOW can man merit? all that he can do,
Is less then duty, strictly ties him to.
And halfe done duties, how should God respect?
Or what reward is due for such neglect?
Eternal death, is wages due for sin,
Neglect of duty needs must fall therein.
Through Jesus Christ, God gives eternal bliss,
Salvation comes, no other way but this.
God, works accepts, if faith do them evert,
And them rewards, but not for their desert.
These merit-mongers, therefore much mistake
That look for Heaven, for their merits sake.

Ro. 6. 13

*Against the Doctrine of Transub-
stantiation.*

THe Romish Prelates, labour by coercion,
To make men own, this marvellous conversion.
Have Priests such power, by words of consecration,
Of Bread and Wine, to make such transmutation?

F

A

A point Prodigious, that a Popish Priest,
 Can make his God, or re-create his Christ,
 This Novelty, of Transubstantiation,
 An.don At *Lateran* Councel, had its confirmation.
 1215 But *Protestants*, may Pope *Gelasius* quote,
 500 Who long before, against this error wrote.
 years This *Cockatrice*, was hatcht in latter time,
 before. Nurst up at *Rome*, by such as *Bellarmino*.
 This Monstrous Bratt, the Roman Church begot,
 The *Greeks* abhor'd it, Ancients own'd it not.
Augustine he, doth learnedly maintain,
 That Bread and Wine substantially remain.
 1. Cor The Scripture saith, that after consecration,
 11. 26. The bread is bread, wher's then this transmutation
 Acts 3. How can Christ's body, crucifi'd for thee,
 21. At once, in many thousand places be?
 Binius If thou remain in Christ, and Christ in thee,
 Thou hast receiv'd this sacred Mysterie.



Against the Doctrine of the Half Communion.

Anno
1453

THis *Romish* error, lately started up,
 The Councel *Constance*, took away the Cup.
 And thus they then, presumptuously did wrent,
 Our Saviours blessed will, and Testament.

By Christs Example, they will not be lead ;
 They to the *Laiiks*, only give the bread.
 Though Christ himself all Christians do enjoyn
 To eat the Bread, and also drink the Wine.

1 Cor.

Yet Popish Prelates, Christ's Commandment 11. 48.
 And rob his people of a holy right. (steight

By this Presumption, all may plainly see,
 How Sacriledgious, Popish Prelates be.



Against Missal Sacrifice.

Our Blessed Saviour, on the Cross,
 A sacrifice for sin,
 His body offered, once, for all,
 For such as trust in him.

Heb. 10

10. 11.

12. 13.

14.

There needs no further sacrifice
 Our sins to do away.

Vain is the Missal sacrifice,
 That's offer'd every day.



Against Image Worship.

This Worship well deserves the name,
 Of gross Idolatry,

God's holy word's, against the same,
And all Antiquity.

Lev. 26. Ye shall your selves no Idol make,

ver. 1. Nor Graven Image reare,

Deut. Nor bow to it, nor Worship give,

16. 22. The Scripture makes it clear,

Esa. 42

17, & 45

16.

Deut. 27

15. Mic.

5. 13.

*Against Papal Indulgences and
Purgatory.*

THe Romish Clergy, labour much,
This error to maintain,
This fire doth make their Kitchens smoak,
This craft, brings in their gain.
This brings their Pardons into play,
This puts them off, with speed,
To all such silly souls as do,
Beleive the *Romish Creed*.
This dreadful Doctrine, makes mens hearts
To tremble and to fear,
Away for Pardons then they pack,
Although they buy them dear.
Yet there's no torment after death,
To those that faithful be,

Their

Their sins dispersed as a Cloud,
 And their iniquity.
 They into judgement shall not come,
 Their souls are free from pain.
 And in eternal peace and joy,
 For ever shall remain.



*Against Divine Worship, in an
 unknown Tongue.*

B Arbarian like, those Bablers are,
 That Service say, or Cant
 In Greek or Latine unto those,
 That understanding want.
 This profits not, 'tis not the way,
 God's Glory to advance,
 This Romish practice in the Church,
 Produceth Ignorance.
 Five words with understanding spoke,
 More profits people then,
 Ten thousand words, in unknown tongues
 Spoke to unlearned men.

1 Cor.
 14, 5, 6,
 9, 11, 13
 14, 23.



Against forced Sacramental Confession.

B Oth good, and beneficial use,
 There may be of Confession,
 By such as burden'd are with sin,
 And griev'd for great transgression,
 But setting them upon the rack,
 And straining them so high,
 As strict confession of all sins,
 Is Romish Tyranny.
 No such Confession, is requir'd,
 As doth to sin invite,
 And nameing fleshly pleasures doth,
 Much move the Appetite.
 For who can tell how oft he sins?
 Or gives to God offence,
 He alwaies sins that so presumes,
 Upon his innocence.
 As that he can enumerate,
 His great transgressions all,
 For he that thinks them less then great,
 Dorth into greater fall.
 Christ did not to the sinner say,
 That had Faith and Contrition,

Thy sins must numbred be, or else,
 Thou canst have no remission,
 He Absolution freely gives,
 Unto his children dear,
 Thy sins forgiven are saith he,
 My son be of good chear.

Mar. 9. 2



Against Invocation of Saints.

THe Saints in Heaven do not know,
 Our hearts they cannot hear,
 Our Prayers, or supplications,
 Made in this lower Sphear.
 Our God alone, our Prayers doth hear,
 Prayers made to Saints are vain,
 God knowes the secrets of our souls;
 And tryeth all our Reins.
 Call on the name of God the Lord,
 For ease in pain and grief,
 And in thy greatest troubles he,
 Will send thy soul releif.

F 4

1 Kings
 8. 39.
 Eccl. 9.
 5. 6
 Elai. 62.
 16.
 Ps. 7. 10.
 44. 20. &
 119. 4.
 11. Prov.
 15. 10 &
 17. 3. &
 24. 12.
 Jer. 21,
 20. & 27
 10. & 10
 11. Psal.
 50. 14,
 Eph. 2. 8

Against Eph. 2. 8



Against the Seven Sacraments.

Our blessed Saviour, none but he,
 Could make a Sacrament,
 He made but two, he made no more,
 Is very evident.

1 Cor. Baptisme, the Supper of the Lord,
 to 1, 2, 3 These flowed like a flood
 4. St. Out of the side of Jesus Christ,
 Austin. In Water and in Blood.
 The one it is the Sacrament,
 Of our Initiation,
 The other Sacrament is for,
 Our holy confirmation.



Against the Doctrine of Tradition.

THe Law of God's, a perfect law,
 And needeth no supply,
 What's needful to salvation,
 Is fully taught thereby.

In vain do many worship God,
 And teach for doctrine sound,
 Commandements of wicked men,
 Thus errors do abound.

Matth.

15. 9.



*Against the Universal Headship,
 of the Bishop of Rome.*

Pope Gregory the great, Inveighs,
 Against this Lordly name,
 As insolent, the Churches plain
 As wicked and Prophane.
 A great corruption of the faith,
 To God a great abuse,
 Against the Canons of the Church,
 Against th' Apostles use.
 Whosoever use this lofty stile,
 And glory in the same,
 Forerunners are of Antichrist,
 And glory in their shame.

Against

Against Challenged Infallibility.

THIS Arrogation doth appear
 A Paradox to be,
 For former Popes, have fowly faln,
 Into flat Heresie,
 And Councils have condemned them,
 For errors manifest,
 The Council held, at *Basil* take,
 For one among the rest.

Multi
 pontifi-
 ces erro-
 res & he-
 resies
 lapsi
 esse le-
 guntur.
Consi. Bas.
in Ep.
Sinod.



*Against the Popes Superiority to
 General Councils.*

VELL near a thousand Fathers of
 The Romish Church did Vote,
 Against this Dommineering Power,
 Pretended by the Pope.
 And in the Council *Constance* thus,
 Determin'd punctually.

An. 1415 If General Councils make Decrees,
 The Pope is bound thereby.

Against

*Against the Presumption of Papal
Dispensations.*

POpes had no power, in former time,
To grant a Dispensation,
Against Decrees, by Councils made,
This comes by Usurpation.
These boundless Dispensations, are,
A wicked Innovation,
This great Presumption plainly shewes,
The Popes degeneration.

*Against the Popes Domineering over
Kings and Emperours.*

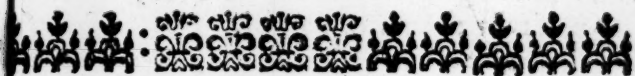
THE Pope to *Theodosius* came,
With Cap and bended knee,
But now the greatest Monarch must
Stoop to the Romish See.
Now Popes their lawful Sovereign sleight,
These Prelates greater be ,

Po. Gre-
gory said
thus

*Mauriti-
us vobis
Obedien-
tiam pre-
bere de-*

Then *sidero.*

Then all the Princes of the World,
 In Power and Dignity.
 Now Popes pretend a lawful power,
 Their Emperours to dethrone
 And of their Empires to dispose ,
 As if they were their own.
 The Emperour like a Serving man,
 When as the Pope commands,
 Must hold a Basin, whilst that he,
 Doth wash his Holy Hands.
 And sometimes like a Stable Groom
 His Horse, must lead and guide,
 And hold his Stirrup, whilst that he,
 On Horsback , gets to ride.
 And sometimes like a Porter must,
 Upon his Shoulder bear,
 His Holiness (the Pope forsooth)
 And Homage to him swear.
 This domineering over Kings,
 And Emperours doth shew,
 How Pontifical Prelates have,
 Rob'd *Cæsar* of his due,
 These Romish Tricks, in former times,
 Nor better were then Treason,
 Against God's holy Word, they are,
 Against both right and reason.
 All Christian Kings, and Princes great,
 Abhor the Romish Whore,
 Break off her Bonds, cast off her Yoak,
 And never own her more.



Form of Prayer Composed in Meeter,
 By Edward Manlove Esq;

O God most great, whose Glorious seat,
 Is in the Heavens high,
 At thy command: both Sea and Land,
 Obey thy Majesty.
 And at thy will, the Seas stand still,
 And neither rage nor foame,
 From side to side, to Winds and Tide,
 Thou mak'st thy power known.
 Thou glorious art, in every part,
 Thou art Omnipotent,
 Let far or near, thou dwellest there,
 Thou art Omniscient.
 The Heavens high, nor lofty skie,
 Thy Glory can conremn,
 Thou reign'st on high, thy Majesty
 Dorth Winds and Waves restraine,
 To those that do, by shipping go,
 Into the Waters deep,
 By works of wonder, and words like thunder,
 Thou shew'st thy power and might,
 And thou the Storm, turn'st to a calme
 And then the Waves are still

Thou

Thou makest glad, them that were sad,
 And sav'st them from all ill,
 We therefore all, may fear to call,
 Upon thy dreadful name.
 For our vile lips, they are unfit,
 To nominate the same.
 We here abide, the stubble dry'd,
 Thou art consuming fire,
 Thou might's us burn, and make us turn,
 To ashes in thine ire.
 In our own eyes, we all are vile,
 Our waies are very wicked,
 Then in thy sight, whose eyes are bright,
 How shall we be acquitted?
 We are unfit, to kneel or sit
 Before thy gracious Throne,
 Or to draw nigh, thy Majesty,
 To make our cases known.
 But Lord we come, to thee alone,
 For Jesus Christ his sake,
 Accept our Prayers which we present
 And through thy spirit make.
 We are unworthy to be call'd
 Thy sons, or have the name,
 Of any of thy servants; yea
 The meanest of the same.
 Our duties unto thee, and man;
 (O Lord) we have neglected,
 And not obey'd thy Holy Word,
 But have thy Lawes rejected,

We have not honoured thee (O Lord)

With fear and reverence,

But sin'd against thy just Precepts

By disobedience.

O Lord we have not Worship'd thee,

According to thy will,

Nor in our hearts, have had delight,

Thy statutes to fulfil,

But we confess, we have abus'd

Thy great and glorious name,

And also we, irreverently,

Have often us'd the same.

We have Prophan'd the Sabbath day,

In whole or else in part,

By needless thoughts, and words and works,

We all have carnal hearts.

By murderous thoughts, and wicked words,

We have our neighbours wrong'd

Our wicked words, have cut like swords,

We all have evil tongues.

We have not sought, our neighbours good

Nor had a tender heart,

To our poor brethren in distress,

Nor pleaded on their part.

We have not visited the sick,

We have not cloath'd the naked,

We have not log'd the stranger, nor

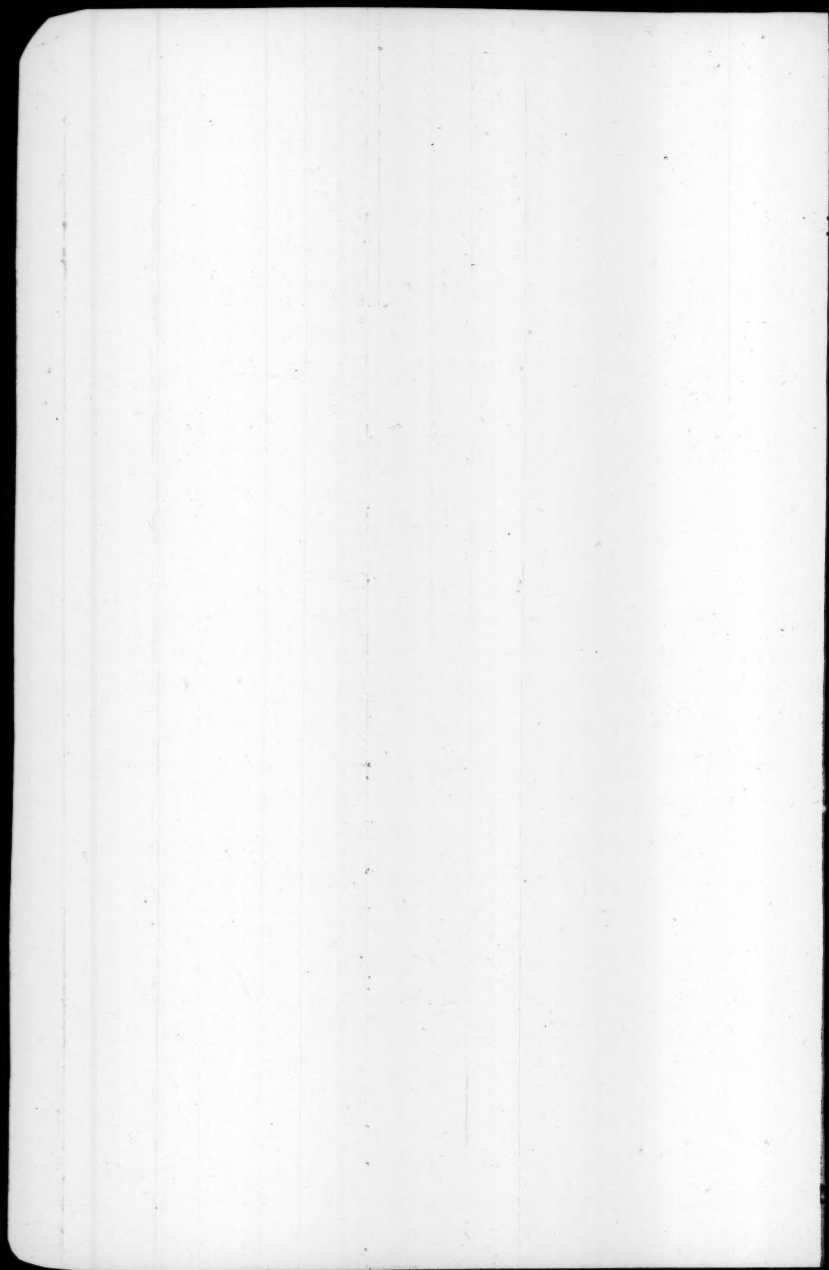
Him compassionate.

Our souls and bodies are unclean,

By thoughts, and words, and actions,

We

We have defil'd our sinful souls
 We have corrupt affections.
 And rotten speeches do proceed
 From our corrupted hearts,
 Our eyes and ears do let in sins,
 Which poyson every part.
 We have not made a Covenant,
 With hearing sight and senses,
 We have not watch'd and pray'd and fasted,
 We have not shun'd intemperance.
 We have not used all good means,
 To further the estate,
 Neither of our selves or neighbours, but
 Have been inordinate,
 We have not labour'd to maintain,
 Or justly to defend,
 Our neighbours credit or good name,
 For any holy end.
 We have not been contented with,
 Our Callings and Estate,
 But have unjustly cover'd,
 Our selves to elevate.
 Now Lord since we have sinned so,
 And done so wickedly,
 We justly merit, to inherit
 With *Dathan's* family,
 Eternal pain and misery,
 VVithin the pit of Hell,
 And with the Diuel, and the damn'd
 We do deserve to dwell.



For if thou didst, not Angels spare,
 Which had such glorious stations,
 But hurl'st them down, from Heaven high,
 And from their habitations.
 Into the place, and pains of Hell,
 In darkness there to lye,
 Who sinned once, and sin'd but once,
 Against thy Majesty.
 And our first Parents did'st expel,
 From pleasant Paradise.
 Who broke one law, and them to that
 The Diuel did intice:
 What vengeance then, may we expect,
 For all our filchiness?
 Who dayly sin, like water drink,
 And dayly do transgress.
 And have not broken only one,
 But all thy Lawes most holy,
 Thy Precepts, Statutes and Commands,
 We have neglected wholly.
 Sin upon sin we heaped have,
 And do deserve the sentence,
 Due unto those, that thee oppose,
 And sin without Repentance.
 We all are vile, and wretched men,
 Thy Law our souls condemns,
 Yet Lord thy Gospel us assures,
 Thy Grace thy Law transcends.
 Thy goodness doth delight to raigne,
 Where sins do most abound,

Thy mercies master all thy works,
 Thy mercy wears the Crown.
 O therefore Hallowed be thy name,
 Who of thy self art holy,
 Thy judgements just, do shew the same,
 Thou art a God of Glory.
 Thou art Jehovah, Lord of Hosts,
 Thy power is very great,
 Thou Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 We humbly thee intreat,
 Give us such knowledge of thy self,
 And of the Trinity.
 And of thy word and works, that we
 Thy Name may glorifie.
 Good Lord let us, thy word beleive,
 And fear thy dreadful name,
 Good Lord grant us fidelity,
 To Sanctifie the same.
 O Lord make us, fear thee alone,
 Give us Humility,
 And Patience, that we from hence,
 May yield most willingly.
 And may submit our selves unto,
 Thy just correcting rod,
 Who dost in love, correct th'elect,
 And art a gracious God.
 O give us Grace, that we may praise,
 And hallow thy great name,
 And by our Conversations may,
 Give Glory to the same.

Lord let not sin, nor Satan reigne,
 But let thy Kingdome come,
 And let thy spirit, in our hearts,
 Strive for Dominion.
 Abolish Satans Kingdome Lord,
 And from captivity,
 Inlarge thy Saints, and break their bands,
 And set thy servants free,
 Collect and gather thine Elect,
 O, do it speedily,
 And to that end do thou set up,
 A faithful Ministry.
 And let the blessing of thy spirit,
 Accompany thy word,
 O slay the sins of all thy Saints,
 By that two edged Sword.
 And dayly more, increase the gifts,
 And graces of thy spirit,
 In all thy Saints and servants that,
 Thy Kingdome shall inherit.
 And by thy word and spirit rule,
 The hearts and lives of them,
 Kill their corruptions, curb their lusts,
 And make them watchful men.
 Raise up Religious Magistrates,
 That truly may adore,
 The Beauty of the Spouse of Christ
 And hate the Romish Whore.
 Root out dumb dogs, and purge the Church,
 From all impurity,

Remove those Rocks that give offence,
 Root out Idolatry,
 Root out all greedy Wolves, O Lord,
 Root out those Currs with speed
 That fleece and fley, and snarle and bite,
 And take no care to feed.
 O finish (Lord) with hast and speed,
 The Kingdome of thy Grace,
 Call all th'lect, that are uncall'd
 Give thine a glorious place.
 Come quickly Lord, dissolve the world,
 Destroy this earthly station,
 Shew thy respect, to thine elect,
 O hasten their salvation.
 Stir up thy strength, and come at length,
 Thy deadly foes destroy,
 Who do oppose, both thee and those,
 That love thy Majesty.
 On thee we rest, thy time is best,
 Thy blessed will be done,
 O grant we may, from day to day,
 Obey thee every one.
 And that we may, thee so obey,
 Lord grant that we from hence,
 May willingly, submit to thy
 Good will and providence.
 And all at once, may now renounce,
 Our evil inclinations,
 The World, the Flesh, and Satan's will,
 And labour for Salvation.

(101)

And may the Angels imitate,
And Saints that are in Heaven,
And such obedience yeeld to Christ;
As should to him be given
Give us this day our dayly bread
O Lord we thee intreat,
Give life and health, and cloathes and wealth,
And food for us to eat.
And give us grace, on thee to place,
Our trust and confidence,
Till life doth end, let us depend,
Upon thy Providence,
Forgive our debts, as even we,
On debtors pity take,
Remit our sins and blot them out,
For Jesus Christ his sake.
And lead us not into temptation,
But free us from all evil,
And grant to us thy preservation,
From World, and flesh, and Devill.
Now unto thee, all prayes be,
O Lord that didst elect,
Us to salvation, before Creation,
And others didst reject.
Lord thy free Grace, in this great case,
Most plainly doth appear,
That such as we, should saved be,
And Christ our scores should clear.
O blessed Son, thou hast well done,
To die for thine Elected,

For thou wast slain, and sufferedst pain,
 That we might be protected.
 Great was thy merit, with holy spirit
 Thou fully wast anoynted,
 And full of Grace, fit for the place,
 Thy Father had appointed.
 To mediate and undertake,
 For us poor sinful creatures,
 Thy Fathers will thou didst fulfil,
 And didst assume our natures.
 And in due time, the Cross did'st Climb,
 And suffered'st grievous pain,
 Wast after dead and buried,
 And then didst rise again.
 And through the skie to Heaven high,
 Unto a glorious place,
 Then didst thou go, and mount up to,
 Thy Fathers Throne of Grace.
 And reconcile that bloody broile,
 That *Adam's* sin procured,
 Which being done, by Gods own son,
 His Saints are all secured.
 Thou art indeed, the womans seed,
 That broke the Serpents head,
 And with a flood, of thy own blood,
 A Pardon purchased.
 Thy sacrifice, did pay the price,
 For us poor sinful creatures,
 Lord then didst dye, and satisfie,
 Sin suffered in our natures,

O blessed son, since thou hast done,
This mighty work of merit,
The same apply effectually,
By thy most holy spirit.
That thy redeem'd may be esteem'd,
By God and godly men,
Thou blessed son, O still go on,
And intercede for them,
In thy good word, thou dost record,
A perfect Declaration,
To all thy sons, and chosen ones,
Of 'th mysteries of Salvation.
Now in their hearts, and inner parts,
Work by thy spirit in them,
Obedience, that they from hence,
May live like holy men.
By thy Dominion overcome,
Their Enemies O Lord,
And to that end, be pleas'd to send,
Thy spirit with thy word.
To good and bad, we freewill had,
But now since *Adam's* fall,
It is not so, to will or do,
We are unable all.
We are both dead and buried,
Till thou shalt us translate,
Till thou convert, and bring the heart,
Into a gracious state.
Then shall we be, for ever free,
From our old natures clogg,

And from the sin that we are in,
 And freely serve our God.
 And in a case, that (by his grace)
 We shall have power and skill,
 Both readily and spiritually,
 Good works to do or will,
 Yet still the breed, of the old seed,
 Of Unregeneration,
 In us remains, till mortal pains,
 Remove our earthly station.
 And we enjoy in heaven high,
 The Saints felicity,
 Then we shall be, made fully free,
 To do good perfectly.
 In the mean time, those that are thine,
 And Heaven shall inherit,
 O gracious Lord, call by thy word,
 And by thy holy spirit.
 Out of the sin, that they are in,
 Into a state of grace,
 Through Christ thy Son, let it be done,
 For thy own mercies sake,
 O Lord give light, to blind, give sight,
 Remove their hearts of stone,
 And hearts of flesh, good and upright,
 Lord give them in the Room,
 Renew their wills, and give them Grace,
 By'd them renewed be,
 Lord give them grace, to grow apace,
 For Lord thy grace is free.

And there is none , but thee alone,
 Can give this special grace ,
 Thou offereſt it, and mak'ſt us fit
 Thy offer to embrace,
 This is our caſe, 'tis thy free grace,
 And thy free grace alone,
 'Tis not for any grace in us,
 That was foreſeen or known.
 Lord pierce our hearts , and inner parts,
 We are but paſſive all,
 Let thy good ſpirit, for thy ſons merit,
 Give us an inward call.
 O Lord accept, (us) thine elect,
 Lord freely juſtifie ,
 Us thy poor Saints, Lord hear our plaints,
 Thy ſon for us did dye.
 He paid the debt, remov'd the leſt;
 He ſuffered for our ſin,
 O for his ſake, Lord pittie take,
 We do rely on him,
 Lord we beſeech for ſin we greive ,
 Lord help our unbeleif.
 Let thy free Grace, good Lord take place,
 Thou ſav'ſt the ſinful theif,
 Adopt us ſons and ſet us free,
 (Us for thy children take)
 Not for the works that we have done
 But for Chriſt Jeſus ſake.
 Give us access, to make addreſs,
 Unto the Throne of grace.

Let

Let us repent, cry and lament,
 Our sad and sinful case,
 O Lord accept, do not reject,
 Our Prayers, and tears and cry,
 Adopt us Heirs, for thy sons sake,
 Who for our sins did die.
 Give us new hearts, and better parts,
 Then ere we had before,
 Let sins dominion in us all,
 Be weakned more and more,
 Our several lusts, destroy in us,
 Corruptions mortifie,
 Let us more practice Holiness,
 And dayly sin destroy.
 Let saving faith, in us be wrought,
 (Good Lord) most perfectly,
 Let us into, the way be brought,
 Of true felicity.
 Increase this grace, in us apace,
 O multiply it more,
 This master grace, deserves the place,
 Increase it (Lord) therefore.
 And let it work, by love alwaies,
 In us, and every one,
 Producing fruits of Holiness,
 Faith never goes alone.
 By word and Prayer, and Sacraments,
 Let it increased be,
 Let us be justifi'd by it,
 And sav'd eternally,

O Gracious Lord, let us accord,
 To all the truths that be,
 Revealed in the written Word,
 For all Posterity.
 Lord let our hearts, and inner parts,
 By faith be purifi'd,
 And by that Sword, thy Holy Word,
 Let sin be mortifi'd.
 Give us desire, with hearts intire,
 To love thee cordially,
 O give us grace, that track to trace,
 That leads to blis and joy.
 Some crumbs of comfort, Lord we crave
 Our faith is very weak,
 We almost are brought to despair,
 O let thy spirit speak.
 A word of comfort to our hearts,
 In this our misery.
 Let us from hence, have perfect sence,
 Of our felicity.
 We (*Agar* like) have lost our sight,
 And now are in distress,
 Remove the scales, Lord give us light
 To see our happiness.
 Lord we Repent, and do lament,
 Our infidelity,
 O make our faith more evident,
 Remove our malady.
 The well of life it open lies,
 Yet we no comfort find,

We

We water want, for want of Eyes,
 Our feares, our Faith do blind.
 Therefore O Lord, grant unto us
 Assurance of Salvation,
 O clear our states, from all mistakes,
 And free us from Damnation.
 And when we such assurance have,
 Grant we may carefully,
 Preserve the same, and praise thy name,
 And live Religiously.
 Thy Church and People, Lord protect,
 From all their Enemies,
 Be gracious Lord, to thine Elect,
 Hear their complaints and cryes.
 O bless the King and counsel him,
 His Royal Spouse direct
 And in her heart, and every part,
 True Holiness erect.
 Lord bless Duke *James*, let all his aims,
 Be for thy Glory bent,
 Bless all the Royal Family,
 And guide the Parliament.
 Remove the wicked from the King,
 His godly Council bless,
 Establish Lord the Throne of him,
 And (his) in Righteousness.
 O fit us all both great and small,
 To meet our Blessed Lord,
 When he shall come, and justly Doom
 And sentence all the world.

When

When he shall sit, let us be quit.
 And cleared from damnation,
 By Faith in him, that dy'd for sin,
 To purchase our salvation.
 Lord, when this dreadful day will come,
 To us it is unknown,
 As by decree, and known to thee,
 And unto thee alone.
 Let's warch and pray, both night and day,
 Therefore most fervently,
 That Christ may say at that great day,
 You have dealt faithfully.
 You have well done, O therefore come,
 And enter into joy.
 Receive a Crown, with great renown,
 Bliss and Felicity.
 Lord hear our Prayers, accept our Tears,
 And pity on us take,
 Nor for our worth, which merits wrath,
 But for Christ Jesus sake.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 By Angels, and by men,
 All Power and Glory be ascrib'd,
 For ever more, Amen,

*An Epitaph upon the death of the Right wor-
shipful Anne Cokaine Widdow, who Dy-
ed the 29th. of August 1664.*

By Edward Manlove Esq;

Here lies inter'd, one that deserv'd,
Great Honour, Praise and Fame,
Who comely was, and did surpass,
Most of her Noble Name,
In liberallity, and Hospitallity,
This Lady did delight,
O Muses rise, do not despise,
Her praises to indite,
Yea ring her knell, her praises tell,
She humble was, though great,
Her comly parts, and humble heart,
Her prayes may compleat,
A comly Creature for form and feature,
Proper and tall of stature,
Noble by Birth, lies in the earth,
Death conquer'd comly nature.
This Flower was, cut down like Grass,
Which flourished many a day,
She quit the Stage, in her old age,
Grim Death, took life away.
God call'd for her, she made no stir,
But yeilded patiently,

(III)

She knew full well, none need her tell,
All mortal men must die.
To Rich and Poor, respect she bore,
She did no sort despise,
She patiently did live and die,
And so she clos'd her eyes.
Now in the Dust (as all we must)
Ere long interred be,
This Lady is, Lord bring to Bliss,
Her whole Posterity.

*An Epitaph upon the Death of Mr.
William Waine, Vicar of
ASHBORN.*

Composed by Edward Manlove Esq;

Since that pale death, hath stopt the breath;
Of Learned *William Wain*,
Friends and Allies, dry your wet eyes,
To Weep it is in vain.
He's in the Dust, where all men must,
Ere long interred be,
Whilst he liv'd here, he did appear,
A Learned man to be.
Of judgement great, tho not so neat,
In words, as many are,
But for his parts, in learned Arts,
With most, he might compare,

Yet

Yet they can tell, that knew him well,
 He was not puff'd with Pride,
 Nor soared high, ambitiously,
 But humbly liv'd and dy'd.
 And in his Grave, as in a Cave,
 This learned *Rabby* lies,
 Where he must stay, till that great day,
 That Christ shall say arise.
 Then Learned *Wain*, must rise again,
 From dusty earth and Clay,
 To judgement just, (as all men must)
 And after live for aye.

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